

Letters  
of  
Sarah Jones Forbes

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*Photo by Fasch Studio*

SARAH JONES FORBES  
Portrait painted from a photograph taken in 1883

LETTERS  
*of*  
Sarah Jones Forbes

*Edited by*  
Henry S. Forbes  
*and*  
Hildegarde B. Forbes

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# Preface

1450898

To the grandchildren of S. J. F., and to their children.

I feel sure that many times you have heard your grandmother spoken of in terms of warm affection. But since you never knew her yourselves you may perhaps wonder what sort of a person she really was.

These letters have been collected and printed chiefly to fill in the gaps and to give you glimpses of her while she was growing up and as she fitted into a new family circle. Also you will find entertaining side-lights on the times in which she lived. Finally you may understand more clearly why S. J. F. — or Sarah Malcolm, as she was often called — made such a lasting impression on family and friends.

The letters are addressed to her father, Edward C. Jones; her sisters Emma and Amelia (Minnie) Jones; Annie R. Anthony, a life-long friend; Sarah Forbes (Mrs. W. Hastings Hughes), friend of her youth and later her sister-in-law; Mary Luce Jones, her step-mother, who was not much older than she; Mrs. John M. Forbes, her mother-in-law; Col. and Mrs. William H. Forbes (Edith Emerson), her brother- and sister-in-law; Alice Forbes (Mrs. Edward M. Cary), her sister-in-law; and Mrs. Turlin, a devoted nurse who cared for members of the family during several illnesses.

A few letters from John M. Forbes, J. Malcolm Forbes and Mary L. Jones, and some excerpts from "John Murray Forbes, Reminiscences," edited by Sarah F. Hughes in 1902, have been included, as they help to round out the picture.

Thanks are due to Amelia F. Emerson and Stephen H.

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Forbes for lending us the letters from which these have been selected; to George Steward for the photograph of the whaleship *Emma C. Jones*, and to the partners of J. M. Forbes & Co. for permitting us to quote from the Reminiscences of J. M. F. Other letters were left to me by Cousin Annie Anthony. For the major work of selecting, typing and editing, I want to thank my wife, Hildegarde B. Forbes.

I cannot close without a word about Aunt Amelia Jones. Again and again she lent a hand in times of illness or sorrow in our family. Quietly she would come in and take over the general management of the household with tact and efficiency until the need was passed, and then as quietly return to her own life in New Bedford. Her courage, her sound judgment and her unselfish love were felt by all of us.

Henry Stone Forbes

October 20, 1959

71 Forest Street  
Milton, Mass.

## *Family Notes*

Sarah Coffin Jones was born at New Bedford, Mass., February 7th, 1852, in the house at 396 County St. which some of you remember. It was a fairy-tale house for children to visit, with its large sunny rooms, closets full of toys, a "cupola" or lookout, a lovely old-fashioned garden, a greenhouse and, above all, a dumb-waiter where small boys could expend their energies on rainy days by hauling themselves up and down stairs with a rope.

Sarah was given the name of her oldest sister who died of scarlet fever two days before her own birth. Their mother, Emma C. Jones, died of the same disease two weeks later. Their father, Edward Coffin Jones, dedicated his life to his three remaining daughters and they were a most united and devoted family. He was born on Nantucket, the son of Reuben and Sally Coffin Jones, but the family soon moved to New Bedford.

Reuben Jones was the captain of merchant ships, sailing usually to the Baltic and North German ports and to St. Petersburg. He died at the age of 43, leaving his wife nothing but the house she lived in. She supported and educated their only child by keeping a school, the best in New Bedford at that time.

Edward Jones finished his education at Friends' Academy and at 19 became a clerk in the ship-chandlery and iron importing business of Capt. Elisha Dunbar. Three years later he was a partner of Capt. Dunbar and finally became sole owner of the firm. This business gradually merged into the buying and outfitting of whaling ships, an exciting and

lucrative occupation. However, he foresaw the end of the great whaling days and when the crash came his fortune was chiefly invested in safer ventures.

The three little girls often went with him when he visited his captains and mates, or brought letters and news of the ships to their wives. Whenever they were within sight of the Bay the girls were taught to look out for sails and to recognize the various vessels.

Edward Jones married Emma Chambers, his second wife, on Feb. 7, 1844. She was born at St. Michaels in the Azores and was christened Emmeline Matilda but was always called Emma after she came to America. Her mother, Amelia Clementina Hickling, was the daughter of Thomas Hickling who was the American Vice Consul at St. Michaels. Emma's father was Hugh Chambers of Philadelphia. He came to the Islands on business and there they were married. A few months later he started for St. Petersburg to complete his business but was hit on the head by a falling spar and died on board ship.

Amelia Hickling Chambers (with her little daughter Emma) remained in her father's house for four years until her marriage to Thomas Nye, Jr., of New Bedford. Of her seven Nye children only Eliza lived to grow up. In other ways her life was not a happy one and she finally left her husband and returned to St. Michaels to live with her younger sister, Mary Anne Hickling Ivens.

Eliza Nye married first Charles S. Hathaway and second Edward A. Dana. She was the mother of Emma B. Hathaway and of Grace and Edith Dana.

(Notes gleaned by H. B. F. from "Memories of Edward C. Jones," written by Amelia H. Jones in 1899.)



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1.

## Childhood

Wednesday afternoon.  
(1858 — 6 years old)

Dear Papa

I was very glad to get your letter this morning and now shall I tell you what we are going to do? Minnie and I are going to get up tomorrow very early and going to market with Lucy to buy some blackberries.

The other day when we came home from the farm, we found Brownie had fallen through the bannisters on the entry floor and had hurt his leg but he is better now and can jump up into the arm chair. Minnie has put balsam on it.

We went down on board the *Emma C. Jones* and in the cabin was a little place like a sink for the baby to sleep in and then there was a bed fitted to rock.

And now dear Papa I will bid you good bye, for my hand is very tired. I send a kiss to you and Emma.

from Sarah

(Lucy was the nurse)

New Bedford  
Feb. 24, 1864

Dear Papa and Emma

We received your letter yesterday morning and it made Olivia feel pretty badly for you know that you said, "You have not told me how they liked the new piano, or about

Olivia! ” She heard me read it and looked it out to see what it meant. Pretty soon I heard her asking Aunt Susan (Gelston) where she should go. I asked her what she wanted to go away from here for and she said, “ Miss Emma does not want me to stay,” and then she said that *Or* in Swedish meant *Before* and *About* meant *Go Away* and she thought that you wanted her to go away before you came back. But I looked it out in Webster and showed it to her.

This morning I woke up with a little headache but no signs of the measles. The paper in Papa’s room looks ever so much better than it did in the roll. I should think that someone was going to have a fancy dress ball for the other night I dreamed that we had one and I wore my nightgown.

With much love I remain affectionately  
Sarah C. Jones.

P.S. Aunt Susan thought that I put a black seal on my last letter and was afraid you would be frightened. She was afraid that you would think that I had died and then written the letter to tell you about it.

S. C. J.

New Bedford  
Sunday July 29, 1866.

My dear Annie

I meant to write you yesterday but was busy covering currant jelly for Lucy and doing such things, so it was half past 12 before I thought, and that was too late.

I went over to Aunt Eliza’s Tuesday and had a splendid time. I like her ever so much, ever and ever. Oh, Tom is



as cunning as anything and quite good. He fretted several times but only cried tears twice while I was there, but really he is sweet and the only little cousin I've got except Emma (Hathaway).

We had a fine time together romping round and climbing about and getting torn and scratched and tanned and dirty, and then we went in bathing twice and you know I like *that* ever so much. I'm not a coward in the water now though perhaps you'll think it strange for me to change in two baths but we stayed in a long time, most  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour once I guess.

Emma and Minnie and Lucy and Dot (the dog) came over for me Thursday afternoon and I came home.

(from S. C. J.)

New Bedford  
Aug. 4, 1867.

Dear Annie

I am going to write you now because I see no prospect of anything happening at any future time for me ever to tell you about ever. The Sconticut Neck picnic was put off until Friday on account of rain, and as it rained Friday it is put off until Tuesday.

The girls and boys came in here Friday to see about going and then it poured so they stayed and we talked. "Drove dull care away."

Oh Annie I wont wait any longer. I wish that you were here (I don't care if it is impolite) for this reason, namely that (I'm coming to it gradually by degrees so that you

won't be stunned) Alice Cunningham, Lily Mandell, Susie Grinnell, E. Eliot and myself are all going over to our Farm at South Dartmouth to stay a few days, at the cottage you know. Do our own cooking and everything. Somebody is coming to sleep there but they go away early and we shall have it all to ourselves. Wont it be fun. Just think of it!!! 5 girls alone!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The parlor has got little curtains, so nice, and chairs etc. Then there is a "Drawing room" as fine as a fiddle. Three cunning little bed-rooms, tons of closets, room for a bed up garret for the person that's coming to sleep in. A dining room! containing a table, a side table and chairs!!!!!! The splendidest pump, so that we shant have to go out to the well!!!!!!!!!! A nice kitchen table and lots of things. That's the way things look through my spectacles.

How I wish you were here. Isn't it a sudden start? Oh dear, dear, what fun we shall have!!!!!!!!!!!! Just think three or four days of fun.

And then if it is necessary for any of us to go into town we can ride in on top of the stage!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Although it was Sunday I made some bread tonight so as to learn how. It looks good *so far* (the dough is made!) how it sticks all over you and between your fingers making you web-footed like a duck, as you are, you little duckie!!!!!!!!!!

I'm going to make pies tomorrow morning and indian cakes for breakfast. Lily has made bread and an omelet. Then I'm going to make gingerbread too. I believe Emmy is going to make cream pies. Susie knows lots of things and is going to learn about more. How we must bother the cooks.

I'm in a jolly hurry (rather hot) but willing to hurry because, (O my dear Nancy 'Ancy how I wish wish wish you were here) we're going over to the Cottage Wednesday (tomorrow) morning at 10½. H. P. R. has come and is going. Oh how jolly. Dear Nancy I wish honestly truly etc. that you were here.

Hurry Hurry

S. C. Jones.

New Bedford

Tuesday Feb. 11, 1868

Dear Minnie

You know I promised to write you after Papa so I am keeping my promise. Bush St. is a glare of ice from top to bottom and the sleds made more noise last night than before this winter.

From what Emma said you seem to have taken your accident very coolly as her thoughts seemed to have turned principally upon the basket and bag. I am glad you arrived so safely and hope the basket is quite safe.

Tell Papa that I have been coasting twice on the Common in the afternoon. It is only a short snow coast and you can't go very fast. We all steered ourselves and I went on our old "Pathfinder." Tell him I didn't think he would care for that, as no carriages or anything could trouble us, for it was a foot path. The girls all went Saturday evening on Bush St. but I don't know whether any of your "aristocracy" were there although I presume they were.

Please tell Papa that Dr. Abbe came and I was out, then he came again Sunday and I was asleep but he left a prescrip-

tion for me, to give me an appetite, but I haven't taken any yet for Lucy and I keep forgetting it. I don't need it much for the other night I ate six biscuits, some cakes and a slice of Washington cake but that was Friday after coasting. We are going to put the bottle in full view on the sideboard now and try to remember it. Mrs. Watson came to call on the "remnant" as she called me, bringing with her Mrs. Eustace.

They looked at the deer picture and then wanted to see the Grapery so I took them in and showed them round. They stayed quite long and finally departed but she wants me to bring a cutting of a grape vine that Connor promised to give her.

I have only had one of the girls to stay all night for you see we have to study. The oranges I'm sorry to say are almost gone. I guess I've eaten a good many, and my company. I took some to Mrs. Anthony, the Tallmans and Hepsa Clark.

Alonzo has been down to the counting room and all seems well. I tipped the shade onto the gas the other night and Lucy says she believes I want to burn - - - - -

(from S. C. J.)



## 2.

### *Youth*

The next few letters were written to Annie Anthony while on a trip to California with Mr. & Mrs. John M. Forbes and their daughters Alice and Sarah.

Some old friends who are mentioned in the letters are: Lily Mandell and Henry B. Stone, who were later married; Sarah (Zaidee) Rotch and Frederick Swift, who also married, and were the parents of Rodman (Tod) Swift; also Alice Cunningham who married William Rotch Ware. They brought up their 7 sons in Milton.

Mr. Tetlow was the headmaster of Friends Academy in New Bedford and Lizzy was his daughter.

A "May" or "Epigea Party" consisted of a trip to the country to gather mayflowers, an old New Bedford custom.

New Bedford

Mon. Ap. 10, '71

Dear Annie

After you left Alice and I rushed home and met Mrs. Richmond who then and there made her party call. She was succeeded by Lily Mandell and then Mary Eliot. We were all talking in the library when Charles Almy and Mr. Severance appeared. They stayed and stayed and finally proposed a May party for Friday. We smiled upon the prospect and before they went they had made a list and decided. Wasn't that nice. Moreover, while they were here Ned Grinnell and Morgan Rotch came to the door to see also about getting one up but, finding that Charlie was going to, they retired into the background. Then Sue Grinnell came in and finally Zaidee Rotch. (What a Wm. Rotchy letter this is!) Later Sue came to tea and in the

evening we had to go down to that horried, horrid Union and sing. I didn't want to a bit but Mrs. Richmond came in and it was so unkind to give up at the end that I went. Malcolm Forbes called in the evening and Emma and Minnie saw him. He said it was very cold and wet coming from the Island, but you have seen him I suppose and heard all about it.

Friday was the May party. Sue and Alice and Zaidee and I sat together going and coming and we had a very nice time. I did not have a very nice time on the whole. In fact I hardly ever had a worse. I miss you of course but I know it is so splendid for you and then I stop. Love to Sarah Forbes. I haven't time for messages except love to all. I got quite into a state of despair about nothing but really think I have got entirely bravely over it. All alone too.

Goodbye from  
Sarah.

The Reading was on Sat. evening and very pleasant. Henry Stone took pity on me and we really had a very jolly time, though we went home very early.

I would send a violet, they are so sweet, but I am not sentimental so I refrain.

New Bedford  
April 17, 1871

Dear Annie

I have settled myself for as long a letter as I can out of rather unpromising materials. Papa brought me your letter dated Burlington when he came up to dinner today and you may imagine I was very glad to catch a glimpse of you on



Photo by Fasch Studio

WHALESHIP *Emma C. Jones* FLYING THE FLAG OF EDWARD C. JONES  
She is beating out of Buzzard's Bay through channel between

Great Ledge and Dumping Light

From a painting by William Bradford — 1858





SARAH COFFIN JONES  
About six years old



your way. Moreover as it included Alice's note, I went over after dinner to tell your Father and leave your address, for your Mother is still in Boston.

Emma went up to Boston to make her long promised visit at Aunt Eliza Dana's. I am very glad, for she is feeling well and will enjoy it very much, I know. The French Fair about which everyone seems so interested and excited still keeps on, so I hope she will go to that.

I saw in an account of the French Fair that Col. Russell was chief marshal and Mac one of his aids and Alice Dabney wrote me that she went to it with Mr. Hickling and saw Mac "looking very handsome"! Poor dear Alice, she must have heard of her grandfather's death that afternoon after she sent the letter, for we saw it in the paper that evening. Her grandfather died quite suddenly on the 14th. of March and I suppose the news arrived on Friday. The poor girl has had a hard time in her winter here.

Will you please thank Alice Forbes for her note and tell her that I too had given up my plan of going to Fayal, for Papa was very unwilling, in fact would not hear of it. That was even before we heard of Mr. Dabney's death. I have always wanted to go so much and thought I could hardly have had a better opportunity than going with both my cousin Alices this summer. But my little disappointment is nothing. I feel it wrong when I think of poor Alice Dabney and what a sorrowful going home it is for her.

Did I tell you that Sue wanted to go to the Cambridge Assembly *very* much? Ned expected to go and so of course it was proper for him to take his sister, and Harry had asked her for the German. It was too bad but she had to give it up after all. Her mother wouldn't let her ride in from Boston

with Ned, so the poor child was disappointed and it is the last Assembly she will care for. Then, as she remarked, it would be very pleasant to renew some of her acquaintances before Classday. I called her a very designing creature, don't you think so? You'll be interested to learn that she has trimmed her hat with brown velvet feathers and her hen (which looks like new) and has got your little paradise tuft in front. It is very pretty and quite an effort of genius, for the materials (hat included) are mostly old.

Let me see — Oh there has been another May party. William Rotch got it up, I think, in two carriages. I couldn't go on account of my recitation. It was Polit. Ec. and I really didn't think I ought to miss the old thing. They had a splendid time and got the most beautiful mayflowers I ever saw from Russell's Mills, so pink and full. Minnie said they laughed from morning till afternoon and had a most jolly time. Oh it was so funny. Henry Stone left a note at Mr. Tetlow's saying "he was unexpectedly called away and could not recite." He was quite horrified at seeing Lizzie and confessed his iniquity, whereupon she also said she had left a note saying *she* "was unexpectedly called away" and signed "Yrs very respectfully E. Tetlow." So there they were two escaped German students and neither able to scold the other.

I painted a root of the epigea, it isn't finished yet so I can't tell you how admirable it is. Minnie and I walked around the Cove and Bliss corner the other day and I got some willow catkins and alder which I intend to paint. My artistic propensities are wonderfully strong in spring. Shall I go on with another sheet? I have not much to say but I think I will.

Our riding habits are not done yet, for Mrs. Bradford

has gone to New York. My spring dress is very pretty. I wore it at the Reading — now that is important news to send to California!!!

I went to the Thomas' concert here last Wednesday, it was very fine. They played the Pastoral Symphony by Beethoven — oh it was beautiful. The quintette played the andante of it at the first concert. "By the Brook" it is called.

Last Saturday evening, wonderful to relate, there was *nothing* absolutely nothing, so the poor boys who came home had a quiet time of it. I hope you will be at home for Classday.

How you must be enjoying it! Why Annie! it keeps coming across me and I wonder where you are and what you are thinking about. Oh I am as gay as a lark and don't worry about me. Oh I'm as happy and gay as possible. I don't need any encouragement my dear, you've no idea how lively and jovial I am so don't think about me. No danger of my being blue. I scorn the idea. Just think of me, if you think at all, as lively and everything.

Tell Alice that I thank her for the hint about the nail scissors but I blush to confess that I have not yet arrived at the happy state of needing scissors of any kind. The provoking things won't grow. I don't believe I bite them now but they stay the same length or rather shortness.

Oh Annie I want to recommend a book to you. "Misunderstood." It is the saddest and most pathetic story of a little child and yet parts are as funny as they can be. I read it aloud the other evening and Emma and Minnie both dissolved into tears. Do read it.

Oh! your belt. I'll run over and ask your Cousin Jane about it.



Now my dear with love to all (oh how I wish I could just pop in for 10 minutes).

I am yrs. truly  
Sarah C. Jones

New Bedford  
April 21, 1871

Dear Ann,

I have just written Susan a note to give her your address. Yes the provoking girl came home from Milton Monday and went off next morning to spend a few days with her Grandmother in Taunton. So I haven't seen her for some time.

Minnie and I took a walk the other day around the Cove and down by Allen St. but she wouldn't go again and Lily was busy, so lately I've been taking solitary walks to the Cove etc. You would have laughed to see me yesterday (a real rainy day) sally forth all alone with waterproof and umbrella. First I made a call on Cousin Kate. We had a very pleasant time talking and reading little things from Hawthorne's English Note Book. Oh some were so funny. The description of a sailor's wife whom he called "Oakum" and who was six feet tall. How I wander — just like an old - - - no I won't say maid, call it woman if you prefer. Well after my call, in perfect desperation, though it was raining — off I marched toward the Cove, but turned at the Pink House and came home in a pleasanter frame of mind and with the "cross" all blown and washed off. You see it is vacation now and I have nothing to do but read, paint and walk.

Last night I went to a lecture on Michael Angelo — it

might have been better — and tonight I am invited to the Shakespeare at Dr. Abbe's — Othello. I thought none of the boys would be here and there would be no dancing but Charles Almy may come and Ellen Clifford told Miss Standish that Walter and Arthur were coming, so they with her brother Miles and the boys indigenous to the soil, will make enough for a little dancing — just to keep us from forgetting how entirely.

It is the most *lovely lovely* morning. I have just come in from the garden which is running over with violets. I have put ever so many in the parlor. I'll send you a very sweet one. I wonder what it will be on its arrival — hay, I suppose. (N.B. I do because it is sweet and lovely and *not* because I or it is sentimental.) I saw by the paper last night that the Yo Semite was blocked with snow — if so “what will you do love?” I hunted up one of my old summer women the other day and carried her a large bunch of violets, or a posy as she called it. She was delighted and told me ever so much about when she was a girl and lived in the country with plenty of flowers and birds. But I must really stop now so —

“Come into the Garden Maud  
For the black bat night has flown  
Come into the Garden Maud  
I am here at the gate — alone.”

Oh! They will send your belt if they can find it. I gave Mary Luce your address and she said she would write. Love to all. “Universal love,” tell Sarah.

Goodbye  
Sarah.

New Bedford  
April 24, 1871

Dear Annie

I went to see your family today and they had just gotten your letter written in the cars after leaving Omaha. I was very glad to hear of you again though Mac had told me all the "statistics" he knew. He says those are about all he hears in his brief notes. Oh there, I didn't tell you of his spending Sunday with Henry or about either of the Readings! Why what an interesting letter I can write. (ahem!)

Lizzie Tetlow came in. She was *so* funny. She told me the most absurd things about herself. The Swain's dining room had just been freshly papered with a light delicate tint, she was seated several yards from the wall and her knife slipped as she was cutting some very tough beefsteak, plunged into the cranberry sauce on her plate, covered its whole length with it and threw it violently upon the wall where it trickled calmly down the new paper. A small portion was projected into her lap so she rushed out "leaving John to the anathemas of the Swains!" She said the paperer had to come and "begin over again after fondly imagining that he had finished." It was very funny as she told it with her gestures and expressions of horror.

The reading at the Abbe's was very pleasant. The play, Othello, was very finely read. Miss Emmy Bourne read *beautifully*. C. Clifford was Iago, but I did not admire Dr. Johnson as Othello. We did not dance at all, just talked and walked about in a very sociable way. I had the pleasure of Henry at supper (as Mrs. Hathaway says) and Lily and William Rotch sat next and we all were very gentle and mild. The conversational, I assure you, was "calmly sociable

and politely cheerful." Nobody snubbed or was snubbed. We sang the farewell song and then departed.

Saturday morning was *lovely* and Lily and I took a nice ride. We went first to the farm, riding in the woods, and with a little imagination it seemed like Naushon. Then we had a jolly canter over Padanaram bridge and along there. In the afternoon I picked a lot of violets to give away and for the house and then went with Minnie to Ella's where she read to us some lectures of Sir Joshua Reighnold's about art etc.

In the Evening we went to the Reading at Miss Rose Standish's. Oh my dear, I was so warm, why it was tropical. I felt so stupid and stewed and had such a stupid time. The Play, "The Poor Gentleman" was of medium interest, but *5 whole acts* in length and not one single word omitted or a minute's intermission or pause. There were hosts of characters and some of the gentlemen sustained two (or tried to) which created rather a confusion in the mind of the spectator as to when they stopped being one and began to be the other. Several people dozed, I think. I should have been pleased to, but as I sat in the middle of the room under a blazing chandelier surrounded by friends, I was unable to do so.

Very few of the boys came down, only the two Clifford's, I think. I had a very interesting discourse with Arthur and had two jolly dances, one with Miles Standish and the other with Henry. We rushed about in a very zigzag way. Henry took me to supper and we started the dancing by forming a conspiracy to get Wm. Caldwell off the music stool and install Helen Almy thereupon. It was a successful venture but those were the only really *nice* dances I had.



I know Annie you are always quite interested in the dancing part.

Mac came down in the afternoon to spend Sunday with Henry and spent the evening among his relations dutifully and happily for I don't know *what* he *would* have done if Henry had made him come and listen to that long long thing.

Well I saw Mac on Sunday. We took a little stroll, as he called it, and he told me all the important news of his family. He has asked Ned to go with them and bring on the *White Cap*, now isn't that just as nice as it can be. Oh I think it is splendid, it is a respectable act. No that sounds wrong, I mean it is a little thing but makes you respect the one who thinks of it. Ned gets so little. The others I think are Henry and Mr. Parsons (Pop as A. Coombs calls him) and Mac. They hope to bring her on, starting from N. Y. on Sat. I am glad they will come in here for I would like to see the *White Cap* again.

Oh did you know that the Swifts were going to have an archway between the two parlors and a hard wood floor for dancing? Won't that be jolly. I saw Sue on Sunday and she told me about her visit. She went to the French Fair several times. O Annie I hope you'll be at home for Classday. I daresay *you* won't care a straw for it now you are off and enjoying so much. But *I* want you to go if I do.

I have begun school again and I am left forlorn. Abbie Church is going away so I am to be entirely alone in German and Mr. T. does nothing but keep up this lively conversation in Deutch all the time. I have hard work with Sue too, and find her rather refractory about going into Ec.

Wm. Rotch invited us yesterday to go on a May party to Sandwich on Wednesday and as Minnie is going to Bos-



ton for the day, I think perhaps I will go. I want to get some more epigea to paint.

Liebling how I should like to see you, just for one little minute. See all you can and remember as much as possible so you can tell me. I think to be told all about it is *almost* as good as seeing for yourself, you don't have all the trouble. (ahem!) The thought strikes me you may get all my letters at once! Poor Ann! if that is the case.

Yours

Sarah C. Jones

New Bedford

May 1, 1871

Dear Annie,

I have just read your letter from San Francisco, my dear, and I think you are a "gute kind" to write me when you have so many eager correspondents, though I don't think Lily or Sue have written much. They say there is nothing to tell, but *I* say I know you like to hear even nothings. When I wrote you last it was after that jolly Sunday. Wm. Rotch had asked us to go on an Epigea party and he had been on a small party that day. He said, "Yes, yes, oh yes, yes it was very *small* oh yes but it was very pleasant in the woods," from which I infer that he did not have a very brilliant time. He had left his overcoat in a farmhouse at Sandwich and wanted to get it.

We decided to go on Wednesday, so about 8 oclock Sue and Ned Grinnell, Belle and William Rotch, Julia Stetson and Jenny and Lily and a friend of hers and I started off on a most beautiful fresh morning across the Ferry. Lily

almost got left so W. R. was just in his element, stopping the boat for them and waving and rushing about. Oh it was too funny.

We had to wait over an hour at Tremont and that I enjoyed *very* much for they showed us all over the iron works. They explained it all to us and it was so splendid to see the strong brown men with such splendid brawny muscular arms carrying and working these huge glowing lumps of metal. Sue and I both wished we could draw or paint, for the effects of the bright light and deep shadows were wonderful. How I do run on. Well it is something that I shan't soon forget. We finally decided to go to Hyannis and so did not get William's coat but he informed us that "to make sure of getting it he had already sent for it by express!" We got beautiful epigea, very large and pink, and had such a pleasant time — lunch, a ride in a big express wagon, fun in the cars etc. etc.

Emma is still at Aunt Eliza's who has had a great sorrow. Little Tom, after quite a short illness, died on Friday morning. It was something the matter with his heart as he was getting over the mumps. Emma will come home tomorrow. I was very sorry for her to be there.

I had a letter from Jennie Perkins asking me to spend this week, but I shall not go now, for I think Aunt Eliza would feel any such thing very much. Only you, my dear Annie, can know how sorry I am to lose a Milton visit. I always feel happy and "light of heart" the moment I set foot in Milton and see the dear kind faces. But I'll wait till your return before I go into any more raptures. Laugh away but don't think I'm a fool as you once did!

I was glad to go down to Boston today for Aunt Eliza's

sake, but oh dear I do think it is really wrong to be gloomy and give way entirely, and I think a *set* funeral service is the most dreadful thing — empty words. I shall be glad to have Emma come home to an open sunny house where people speak above whispers and cry openly if they want to.

You speak about Political Economy. I am very much interested and it makes me think ever so much about common everyday things. I have read ever so many articles about “strikes” and “labor reform” and “corporations” etc. and really understood them, I think. We are not quite half through the first book of Mill but we take long lessons now.

Good bye liebes kind. Keep well and strong and be always mein getreues Herz, mein Schatz.

Lebewohl

Sarah C. Jones

P.S. Give my love to meine Liebe Cousin Alice and tell her that I am learning her songs. My love to Mrs. Forbes and lastly tell Mr. Forbes that his little Polly Dolly Peggy etc. sends him a great deal of love and hopes we shall sing The Lowbacked Car as many times in the future as we have already.

New Bedford

May 8, 1871.

My dear “Annchen,”

I have just come down from the cupola where I’ve been “spying” about for something. I went up to see if I could “catch a glimpse” of the *White Cap* for I thought she might be somewhere in the region, though she *may* be still in N. Y. Mac could not get her before as her paint was not dry. So last Thursday the boys went to N. Y. to join him,



intending to set sail on Friday. But there has been a very severe northeaster all Friday, and Saturday was not very pleasant either. Sunday it looked quite favorable and grew very bright at sunset. There is a fine breeze today, N. W. almost a gale, so they must be coming along finely, whether they are just leaving or almost here. I shall be very glad to see them safely here. It does blow pretty hard but of course they are all right. I'm glad to know that he is quite prudent, really very careful and not scatterbrained, and then too he has got an "Old Salt" or "Boatman" or "pilot" or "hand," whichever you call it. Perhaps the old fellow might develop a *head* too, in a case of emergency.

I fear we shall lose the little sail which Mac hoped we could take, for I suppose he will be in a hurry to get to Boston after such a rough time as they are probably having, but *now* all I wish is that they may come in soon — all right.

I have been also looking at lieb Naushon. The sun shone very brightly on it and I could see the houses very plainly.

I'm going to have Mrs. Bradford begin my silk now, but when it will be finished no one knows. Do you think you will be at home for Classday? Morgan Rotch told me that they were going to send out the invitations in about three weeks. I presume we shall all have them. It would be rather absurd to imagine that we should not.

Last Saturday Mrs. Richmond thought it would be nice for us all to meet at her house and sing (not howl). So Jennie Swift came in the afternoon with a message. I thought I didn't care to go, so I really stayed at home and made Minnie go without me. It was really very small. I suppose Mrs. R. will think I'm a bad child, but I don't care, I made up my mind not to go and I wasn't going to change it. I wish

I were a geese to live and die in peace — don't you? I should like to get a blink of your e'e, my dear.

I had the pleasure of a call from M. R. last evening. Emma stayed as long as she could but at length retired discomfitted from the field to her bed — leaving me ready to howl with slumber. I gaped several times, concealing it quite scientifically and several times made obvious pauses, but my dear he did not go and stayed till quarter to eleven, and he came about half past seven. Well I thought I was safe from such things but now I don't know *what* I can do. He says he can come down any time in June, and that most certainly he shall be here *all next winter*.

#### Tuesday Evening.

Oh my dear I have at last got a chance to finish my letter. The boys came in late last night after a jolly but very cold and windy trip. They left N. Y. on Friday but were obliged to come to anchor very soon off Long Island. Yesterday they had a grand wind and the boat behaved beautifully. They were off Point Judith at 5.15 p.m. and arrived in our harbor about 10.30 p.m. Wasn't that a splendid "run" as they call it? They were all well and Oh how I envied them. Minnie and I asked Mr. Hathaway, Mrs. Richmond, Sue, Lily and Helen Almy to go and we went off at 10 a.m. next morning for a most jolly little sail down the harbor. It was a perfect morning, a nice fresh breeze and the *White Cap* went like a bird and so you may be sure I enjoyed it with all my heart. It was a very short sail and then they started off for Hyannis, en route to Boston. I hope they will get there as early as they thought. I think Mac wanted to stop at Naushon and look at Will's new house on the

way. Of course you will be *surprised* to see the yacht mentioned in our paper tonight.

Your letter from Sulphur Springs came last night. How glad I was. The flowers will be quite fine to add to my *stock* you know, but I'm *surprised* at *your* adopting sentimental habits.

Please give my love to Alice. I suppose you see as much of her as you wish. Oh me, I'm going to call you Fortunata. Give any amount of good wishes and love to Sarah and do keep her from thinking I'm a silly goose, for I know I am *not* that and you would have been convinced of it if you had been here and seen me several times.

Mac says you are in the Yosemite!!

Goodnight  
Sarah.

New Bedford  
May 14, 1871  
Sunday eve.

My dear A. R. A.!

I have seen Rip Van Winkle! Oh Annie I think it is wonderful! I am utterly wholly and entirely carried away. I was *perfectly* satisfied and delighted and charmed with Rip. I always liked the story so *very* very much and Jefferson is exactly my ideal. I can hardly see any faults yet. I think Rip's sweetness of temper and touches of feeling are so perfectly rendered through all his vagabondism and drunkenness. I never *like* a drunken scene on the stage but in this I feel as if it was Rip to be so, and so it *has* to be acted. But the scene where he talks to the two children at his knee — and



then when he is the old man and is asking about all his old friends — and Schneider too — Oh I was perfectly charmed with his whole acting. I think it is the saddest, most pathetic and touching thing I ever saw and people all around me were laughing and saying they never saw any man so funny! Poor old Rip — if I ever wept at acting I should have then. Wasn't it nice that at last I had a chance to see him! I shall never forget it in all my life.

Papa and Minnie and I went down to Boston in the early train. We went to Aunt Eliza's for a few moments and found her lying on a couch. She is still very weak having scarcely recovered from the mumps. Oh Annie people are always asking about you and sending their love, forty times a day but I always forget it. I do nothing but answer questions about you so I couldn't entirely forget you if I wanted to.

Well I will continue with my Boston trip for I had a *very nice* time — *besides* Rip. Minnie and I spent the rest of the morning in racing about on errands. Oh we have both ordered our Classday hats. Minnie's is to be blue and very pretty, I hope. I shall feel very sorry if it isn't, for I made her have what she is going to. Mine is to be *extremely* original as it is trimmed with black velvet and roses. Let me see, oh Annie I gave Minnie a lovely sash. We chose it together. It is a Roman sash with very pretty bright ends and the middle is plain blue. It will be lovely for Classday. I am determined that she shall have a nice time if possible for she never has enjoyed it and as the first step I want her and her dress to look just as pretty and nice as possible. We are both to wear white muslin.

It was a lovely day in Boston and we saw about everyone

we knew and oh what a hurry we were in. We met Mr. Morgan at the Tremont House and Papa joined us there and then we went to see Jefferson. I won't say more on the subject. Mr. Morgan was delighted he came. He came with Papa "for his pilot," for he said he hardly knew his way about Boston.

After the play was over we saw Mr. Watson & Frank & Theo & Mary Cunningham. Oh but it was like a sight of Milton. I was glad to hear from Frank that the *White Cap* had at last arrived Friday afternoon in Boston Harbor, safe and sound after a very rough and hard passage around the Cape. They have all been weeping over the book I told you of, "Misunderstood." We almost got locked in and were finally obliged to leave.

Papa, Mr. Morgan, M. and I dined at the Tremont House and then went into the parlor where Mrs. Randall and Hattie were. All the Cliffords were there too, for they had come down for Rip and the concert. Presently Morgan Rotch came in. Then Lily came. Then Walter Clifford appeared and Charlie and Frank and such a collection of N. B-ites! The Cliffords asked us to come in their compartment car. I never rode in one of those before. It was very large and pleasant. I saw Eugene Bryant at the train and had a few moment's talk with him at the window. He is coming down to spend next Sunday *certainly* he says. At the very last moment a whole stream of boys came rushing down the platform and hurried into the Providence car. Morgan said they were "Brown" fellows who came up for a Ball Match with the Harvards in which they were badly beaten — 0 to 30 in the 3d. inning! We had a very nice time and I hardly ever laughed so much. Everyone





S. C. J. WITH DOG "JACK"  
About thirteen years old



WHERE S. C. J. WAS BORN AND GREW UP  
396 County St., New Bedford



got looking so sleepy and mournful and I never heard two people funnier together than Ellen and her Mother. William Rotch was in the car, on his way home from Mt. Desert and made himself very agreeable. Well he wasn't sleepy and "that was something." But I am sleepy now and shall go upstairs and leave this till tomorrow. Pleasant dreams to you and to me.

Monday morning.

Liebe Freund it is a most beautiful bright morning, for I've just been out in the garden and to take some shoes to the little shoemaker on County St., or rather to the big shoemaker in the little shop.

Sue and I have Political Economy three times a week and are *very* much interested. That comes late this morning and this afternoon I've promised to go with Lily to walk up to Love Lane for Crowfoot violets. There are lots of things that I want to paint besides some sepias that I have promised to do for the Strawberry Festival. Oh dear I don't have a bit of time.

It is lovely out, such a blue, blue sky and just a delightful fresh wind. How I wish I were on the "briny"! That little sail was so perfect that I *long* for another but it will be a *long* time before I have it, I fear. (joke! pun!)

I miss you walking on Sunday so much. Henry walked down to the Cove with me in the morning and told me all about their cruise and adventures. Oh he is *so* brown, but he says he is *nothing* to Mac.

Love to all. Of *course* to Sarah.

From your friend  
S. C. Jones

New Bedford

April 1, 1872

(To Sarah Forbes)

Dear old Sally

The little aigrette arrived wholly uninjured and I was charmed with it. You know it is one of those things which go right to the heart. How lovely the bird must be! It was so nice to have you think of me.

Annie and I were just talking of you on the way home from school. We were imagining ourselves going into the house and *smelling* the roses (excuse that word but I could not say perceived the odor of) as we came in and then seeing your Mother with her cap strings flying in the breeze just coming in from the Greenhouse and then hearing thump! thump! on the stairs and you would come bouncing into the room and seize us by the hand and say "I'm glad to see you" etc. etc. Oh me, what fun, and we were imagining it all. When I came in I was perfectly delighted to see your letter on the table! Your last remark about coming down is perfectly *jolly*. Come by all means and spend next Sunday if poss.

I'm about to run over to Ann's for I believe she wants you to stay with her and is writing a note to put in this. Such was her intent!

I am now at Ann's! Isn't Ann's green paper *horrid*. I think we could agree upon that point.

Goodnight

from Yours

S. C. Jones

3.

## *Voyage on the Rambler*

Milton April 12, '72

(J. M. F. to S. C. J.)

My dear little Bird

I find today that Alice will probably be left stranded (at Fayal) till 1 July unless I go out for her, as the *Fredonia* lies over to be repaired. So I have pretty much decided to leave here in the Barque *Young Turk* next Thursday, Friday or Saturday, stop in Fayal about the 25th May and then go on to Lisbon, spend June with Will and Edith and Alice in Scotland or Switzerland and leave England by Steamer about 1 July for home.

I hear you have not got well over the measles and ought to have a rest. Now there are one or two staterooms on the *Young Turk* (a fine Barque of 400 tons) besides the room for me. We can keep her perhaps till Friday or Saturday. Will you put yourself under my care and go?

There is one other chance. I may tomorrow buy the yacht *Rambler* — 250 tons (a new safe slow sea-going schooner like the *Sappho*) and start a day or two later. She has 5 staterooms and if I go in her I shall visit St. Michaels and the other Islands before crossing to Europe. Either way it would be delightful to me to carry a Band of Music with me and such a Band! In either case if Mrs. Carry Morgan or any other pleasant lady wanted to go too it would add to the charm of the expedition.

You will get this *Saturday*. Let me have a telegram if you say *Yes*, — that is, your good Father. If you are *doubtful*, a letter by Monday morning's mail will be in time.

Affectionately yours  
J. M. Forbes.

N.B. If you go in the yacht a Stewardess or Lady's maid or some such might go. If in the Barque, I think you would be better without such an appendage. The yacht has, however, plenty of room, if I happen to get her. Write or telegraph to me Boston.

Boston  
April 15, 1872

My dear Sarah

As you will see by the telegrams this morning to your Father we have got a chance to hold the *Young Turk* till Saturday and I am still negotiating for a large yacht, thinking if I go, we might as well go comfortably.

My sister Mrs. Cunningham is going too and there is this advantage in the yacht that we can send you over to St. Michaels for a visit and then come and pick you up on our way to England or France or wherever the wind may blow us to. If I get the yacht I shall not start quite so early — probably early next week. I want to know your Father's decision pretty early tomorrow after you have had due time to coax him, as I ought to give the *Turk* a positive answer in case we are to detain her.

I am however in strong hopes of getting a yacht as more comfortable and equally safe. If your Father won't say yes early you may take a little more time for coaxing rather



than say no. Of course he could not spare two of you or it would be very pleasant. There will be plenty of room in yacht, doubtless. The one I have bid for having 5 state-rooms.

The *Young Turk* is more limited in room but I can secure tomorrow morning 3 staterooms. 1 for you, 1 for Mrs. C. and 1 for me.

Affectionately yours  
J. M. F.

As your Father is a prudent man he may like to know that R. B. F. thinks the *Rambler*, a yacht of 240 tons, just as safe as the *Young Turk* and a good deal more comfortable.

I have got a *price* on her at which I can take her if I cannot do better.

Of course I shall not run any risks with you and my sister. No racing, but a regular *Azalea* family coach! The *Rambler's* only fault is want of speed. New last summer and admirably strong.

The *Rambler* actually sailed late in April for the Azores. Mrs. Cunningham and Sarah Jones were probably the first ladies to cross the Atlantic in a yacht.

Yacht *Rambler*  
May 6, 1872

Dear Emma

I am going to attempt an ink letter though with what success I cannot tell, time will prove. Here we are in the middle of the Atlantic a little more than half way to Fayal! And oh I never can tell you in writing or in word of mouth how perfectly delightful it has been and how thoroughly

we have enjoyed it. It is Monday afternoon about 3 o'clock with us though with you I suppose it is only about half past one. We have just finished our dinner and the steward Roderiguez has cleared away. We are going at a rate of 8 knots, so you can imagine that we are rolling about considerably. But she is very steady indeed and in our nice large cabin with plenty of fresh air and a steady table and chairs we do not notice it much. We have had the most lovely weather almost all the time, though the winds have been mostly contrary. It has been delightful to lie all day stretched out on the deck watching the waves tossing about all around us and the blue sky with little fleecy clouds scudding about and being now high up on the crest of a wave and the next moment deep down in a hollow. For the last day or two it has been so warm too, and the air so soft and mild and refreshing. I can almost *feel* it doing me good. I wish you had seen the yacht but I suppose Minnie has given you a very good idea of her. She did not show to advantage at the wharf. Our staterooms are really very light and cheerful, mine, particularly. Everything is so very comfortable and even luxurious. I feel so grand with my bureau drawers!

After breakfast we generally go right up on deck and sit, or lie down, and Mr. Forbes reads aloud or we talk or read or write a little and perhaps look over charts with the Captain. Then bye and bye we walk about a little or I go up in the bow. And then we sit and talk and have lunch of oranges and bananas. Then after dinner more reading and talking and oranges again, for we prefer our deserts on deck. Then we watch the sunset and the stars coming out one by one and soon it is tea time. After tea we have a game of

cards in the cabin and more reading and then go up on deck for a while before "turning in." It is beautiful on deck then, to go rushing along in the darkness with a whole sky-full of bright stars and the water boiling up under our bow and white waves breaking all around us full of phosphorescence and the wind whistling among the sails and rigging and the deck slanting while we stand up to windward holding fast and feeling every movement of the boat under our feet as she rushes along and the spray in our faces. Every now and then a great wave breaks over the boat and deluges the deck. Oh it is magnificent. We have been very fortunate about our meals. The water has never interrupted them, though once or twice, when the table was empty, a great wave has come in through the skylight drenching the table and the cabin floor but it has only added to the fun and cozy feeling and we have had many laughs about "umbrellas." The poor kitchen has also been deluged.

We have had one real accident and that was the saddest which could have happened. One of the men was washed off the jibboom on the first of May when there was not very much wind but a heavy sea running. The Capt. saw him drifting past and threw a life preserver within a few feet of him but he did not see it. We came about as quickly as possible but no trace could be seen. He probably was weighted down by his heavy clothes and sank directly. The life preserver was found floating so they felt sure that it was the right spot. It was a dreadful thing but no one was blameable. A consultation was held but nothing could be done, so very sadly we went on our course.

Since then the flying jibboom was carried away by a moderate sea. Mr. Forbes thought it was too light a spar to



have been taken, for even in a moderate sea it was constantly plunging under.

We have had one calm day but a breeze sprang up toward sunset and on we went again. One day, owing to a heavy sea and head winds, we decided to heave to, and sometimes we have made very little on our course, 53 knots one day. From noon yesterday up to noon today, we made 160 — but some of our first runs were very good. From starting up to Monday noon ( $17\frac{1}{2}$  hours) 172. Up to Tuesday noon 206 — Wed. 193 — Thurs. 153 etc.

I think I won't write more now but will go up to see how it looks on deck.

May 8. Wed. Aft.

Yesterday afternoon as it was cloudy, I was sitting in the cabin writing, when Mr. Forbes came down and told me we were overhauling a vessel. I rushed up on deck and found that we were some distance astern of a Barque, but were gaining fast. Such a lovely sight, the clouds had rolled away and the sun shone brightly on her sails as she rolled along towering up above us. We could soon distinguish those on deck and she showed the French flag. We overtook and passed her as if she had been lying at moorings and though we were near enough to see everything on board plainly and to speak, we had left her behind in a few seconds. We cheered and they cheered and waved their caps with French politeness while our Capt. "hailed" them in English and theirs replied in French, calling out "Votre longitude, s'il vous plait!" Such a hubbub as there was, for to all the shouting and waving was added the barking by dogs. They appeared to have plenty of livestock on board. There was a very picturesque woman with a bright



silk handkerchief tied over her hair, looking very smiling and ruddy. The name of the Barque was the *St. Georges* and she was from Martinique bound for Bordeaux. It was the most lovely sight to watch her riding over the waves far astern of us until she grew like a black outline against a *copper* colored sky, for it was near sunset. Behind us and in front were great masses of black clouds. Soon we saw it raining in the distance and the clouds behind us seemed to gather into a funnel shape and send down black rays to the water across the lovely gold colored sky. It was a water spout. Do you remember Grandma's story? That was the first thing that came to my mind, and just then the Capt. called out, "look, there is a water spout!" It was far in the distance, even beyond the Barque. The clouds in front grew darker and darker and we began to prepare for a squall but it passed over our heads and soon we saw it raining on the other side. We were in the bright light of the sun which was setting, and over our heads the sky was the clearest loveliest blue. Then we came down and had supper but it was only a "come down" in one sense for we do have such pleasant jolly times together.

To my great joy I sleep most soundly and refreshingly and feel better every morning when I wake. I made a great effort all the time to eat (when feeling a little seasick). Even though it was at first pretty hard work, now I am always hungry. At first I lay down almost all the time, but now have grown so much stronger that it almost startles me to find myself doing things I should not have wished to attempt a week ago. I have tried to give a full account of my health and hope this will be sufficient for I can't think of anything more to say.

Aunt Mary Cunningham is simply *delightful*. I enjoy being with her so much. Our plans are still uncertain and will not be settled until we reach Fayal and see Alice. I find the yacht perfection and should like almost to sail around indefinitely but I also want to see the Islands and their inhabitants *very* much. Oh how beautiful sailing is. I foresee that I shall come home “enthusiasticer than the enthusiasticest!”

I shall write Papa and Minnie at Fayal and send via Lisbon if we catch the steamer, which is very doubtful, for the wind today is not very favorable or steady. We are now at Lat. 39.50 and very near the Islands. Two good day's runs would bring us there but we shall probably be longer. I have been sorting my letters and packages. I really have quite a mail! Ever so many people gave me letters on Sunday.

I was in such a state of distraction when we left, what with bidding goodbye and the long ride in town etc. that I felt upset and when I came to say goodbye to Papa and Minnie I almost wished I were not going, but of course that was very weak and silly — only I hated to say goodbye so. I wished they had gone down (the harbor) with us but I suppose it might have been hard for Papa to get on board the tug and I suppose it was as well to say goodbye first as last.

I wish I could put some of our moisture into this letter for everything is very damp today — not to say *musty*.

With love to all at home I am  
yours lovingly  
Sarah C. Jones.

1450898

Yacht *Rambler*

May 9, 1872

Lat. 39.48n Long. 34.12w

(From J. M. F.)

My Dear Mr. Jones

I hope as this reaches you we may have been able to tell you *in short* by cable how well our Ladies are. *Volumes* could not tell you how well Sarah has *behaved* nor how pleasant she has been — eating and drinking just what I directed, sleeping like a top so that we could sometimes hardly get her to a late breakfast, and without orders singing to the delight of the passengers and crew.

She was seasick a little one day, since which she enjoys the motion and rather complains of the shortness of the voyage. She seems strong and to have entirely got over the effects of her measles.

We all like the voyage so much that we are talking (*not* very seriously), if Alice will consent, of returning via Madeira through the Trade Winds to Bermuda and so home through warm weather without going to Europe at all! It would be a jolly voyage, and I should certainly like it!

Since the first day out we have had constant east winds, not *an hour* of west wind, and a common square rigger with the *same chance* would not have been half way here. With fair luck we shall reach Fayal tomorrow night, making a 12 or 12½ day's passage.

With best regards to your girls

Yours very truly

J. M. Forbes



Fredonia, Fayal  
May 12, 1872.

Dear Papa

Yesterday morning we were all excitement, for about 6 o'clock in the morning we began to draw very near Fayal, and we were occupied in getting our things finally arranged for shore. We would have gladly spent the time in watching the Island as we drew nearer and nearer to it. When I came on deck my first sight of it was a high mountain, with clouds flitting over its summit and looking like one immense piece of patchwork, green and brown, with a wild rocky mountain rising above, which looked bluish grey in the distance. There was hardly a tree to be seen and the whole island seemed to be cultivated. It looked so soft and smooth and the meadows were all enclosed by hedges which gives it the appearance of dark green seams. I never saw anything which seemed so strange to me.

We passed the most wonderful large cliff at the end of the island and several other very high ones with caves hollowed out by the waves, before rounding the point behind which lies Horta Bay and the town. It has the most strange and foreign look as it lies with all its white houses at the foot of a steep hill, clothed with green and dotted with farms and houses, and the mountain — the Caldeira — rising behind. There are some very old and imposing buildings, the cathedral and several towers, and on the way in we passed the fort which is hewn out of the solid rock which rises on the southern side of the harbor and from whose summit the vessels are signalled. I was perfectly enchanted with the view of Fayal. I had no idea it would be such a very quaint, foreign looking place.



By this time it was about half past seven. We came in without a pilot. We thought we saw a boat but it was too slow to do us any good. We ran directly across the harbor, then came about on the other tack and ran down in front of the town where a Barque was lying and then dropped anchor and fired a gun. No flag was seen so we supposed we had not yet been seen, but soon it was hoisted from Fredonia and also the German flag from another house which was, as we thought, the Cedars.

We had been occupied, ever since we drew near enough, in trying to make out the houses and had really succeeded. Now we were all excitement but calmed ourselves and went down to breakfast, as we could not land until the health boat had come off. Little boats filled with Portuguese began to collect about us and told us they were getting ready the health boat. Soon it appeared and in it we recognized Mr. Oliver and Mr. Samuel Dabney, though, as they were arrayed in tall hats, we took them at first for official characters. Mr. John Dabney was also there and we were most cordially welcomed. It soon turned out that they were at a wedding when the boat arrived and on hearing of it, left the wedding breakfast and came to meet us just as they were — silk hats, dress suits and all! Portuguese weddings are always early in the morning. In fact, this one at seven was considered quite late! They had sent a note to the ladies as soon as they heard of the yacht, but we felt quite sorry that our approach was unseen for it was very pretty with all sail set (except the foretopsail) and the colors flying. As soon as the health officer had finished his examination and we had had several gentlemen presented (official characters) we embarked for the shore.

It was blowing freshly and the waves were rather disrespectful to the "dress suits." We landed on the stone quay and went up some steps and there at the top — the first person I saw — stood Alice Dabney. All the family from Fredonia was there — their hands filled with roses and such a scene of rejoicing and embracing as took place. They all asked about you all at home etc. etc. Mrs. Oliver and Alice Forbes did not come down as Bagatelle is some distance away and they were to ride. Cousin Harriet said they should take possession of me, so I bade goodbye to Mr. Forbes and Mrs. Cunningham and started off up under an old archway into the quaintest and most delightful garden you ever imagined, for I know you have never seen such an one in America. We walked up through a path with a camelia hedge on one side and a high stone wall on the other and everywhere there was the most delightful perfume and all around us were roses, lovely lovely roses, everywhere. The flowers are just in their perfection and in such quantities. Huge bushes of tea roses with buds as long as my little finger and the full blown roses so fragrant and so beautiful in shading and color, and great masses of climbing and cluster roses. Surely summer must be the best time for Fayal.

Everything is entirely overgrown with ivy for there is little woodwork, it is all a greyish plaster or stone. Mossy stone steps and little square stone pavements and stone walls with square windows in them with wide seats, and flowers and ferns *everywhere*, covering everything and peeping out in the most unexpected places.

Miss Clara and Miss Roxie who live here went up with us, also little Rosie and Charlie. Alice and I have her room

together which is on the front of the house, opening out on a wide veranda and having a broad outlook upon the Bay and Pico which rises directly opposite and so near that the houses at the base look like small greyish white dots.

I had another breakfast with the family for I found that we had come just at breakfast time, throwing everything into a wild state of confusion. They *had* seen the yacht from Fredonia and the Cedars as she came in and Alice D. had had the flag raised as soon as possible. Great was their excitement as to who might be on board, for they thought Mrs. Cunningham would come but were very sure that I would not — and in fact were not expecting a yacht at all but the *Young Turk*, as that had been the last decision in Mr. Forbes' letter.

There it is dinner time and I must leave this. They all dine here today so we shall really have quite a party and I must get ready.

May 13th.

After breakfast Alice and I went out into the garden where we found Miss Clara picking flowers for a procession which was to take place in the evening. We walked all about with her and she showed me some of her favorite flowers. Oh such beautiful passion flowers, scarlet and purple, and great masses of geraniums and mignonette and beautiful shrubs and pansies and violets and camelias (though they are rather gone by) and everywhere and above all, roses — tea and pink and cloth of gold and white and blush and multiflora! and every conceivable variety.

We went through the tunnel and up through more gardens to the Cedars to see Edie. She took us into the parlor



where we met Cousin Sarah and Francie and presently Sally and Nellie and John and Miss Tinkham.

I was delighted with Edie, she is so sweet and patient. Francie is very original and full of life and spirits and rather odd. She is very pretty too. She has grey eyes, a very pretty mouth and chin and such a bright look. We stayed some time, talking as fast as possible and then started off for Bagatelle to see Alice (Forbes) and give her some letters.

Today on returning from a jack ride we stopped at Bagatelle a moment and Mrs. Oliver told us the astounding news of the advent of a rival yacht from England. It never rains but it pours! It is several years, I believe, since a yacht was here, and now behold two. She is bound for Newfoundland. So here is an opportunity for letters, one of which I shall certainly take advantage.

Just now as I sit at our window I have a lovely view of the harbor and four vessels lying in front of the town, — the Barque, a steamer (bound for Teneriffe), the yacht and our own yacht, — and the faint outline of Pico behind, for it has been raining and the island is almost hidden by a thin cloud.

Oh how lovely! a beautiful little rainbow, a complete bow and very bright, has just formed. Our yacht lies in the midst of one end and the other just encloses the other vessels. The steamer has her flag set and is getting up steam so I suppose she will soon be off. She came in yesterday but was quarantined. We saw a number of passengers on board but none were allowed to land. She is from Lisbon I think.

The fort and barracks are close and we hear the bugle



call occasionally. It seems so strange, but everything looks and is so strange that I have settled into a passive state of wonder and delight.

Mr. Forbes is full of plans and projects. It is nearly settled that Cousin Roxie (she wishes me to say that) shall go back with us. The last plan is I believe to cruise among the Islands for a month and then (giving up the plan of England) run down to Madeira for a few days and then home by the trade winds via Bermuda or perhaps the West Indies. That seems a very delightful plan, for by it we can keep the yacht all the time and have the most lovely sailing. Oh I can't tell you how fascinating the plan is to me. Mr. Forbes, too, prefers that. However it would not be so pleasant for some of the others and I should be very sorry to give up England and Scotland entirely. You see I am so evenly balanced I cannot prefer one above the other. I am glad it is not for me to decide. Alice said today she felt very sure that the plan I have mentioned would be finally decided upon.

I cannot tell you how much they talk of you all at home and wish you were here and all the questions they ask and the plans and conspiracies they form for getting you out here.

I was in raptures this morning over my first donkey ride. Alice Forbes, Alice Dabney, Cousin Harriet, Cousin Roxie, Aunt Mary and I all started forth for a jack ride, as they call it, and such a cavalcade! with the bright colors, funny little jacks and picturesque donkey boys with their rich dark coloring, gay caps and long goads. Mr. Dabney and Mr. Forbes went off on horseback and also Mr. Oliver, though the latter had intended to accompany us on a jack.

Unfortunately when he seated himself upon the jack that poor animal (being a very knock kneed and miserable specimen) also seated himself, his hind legs appearing to give way beneath him, greatly to Mr. Oliver's disgust who had confined his attention to the fore knees which appeared very suspicious. So Mr. Oliver decided to waste no more time in quest of a better jack but to take horse with the gentlemen. So the cavalcade separated itself. We kept along the shore by what they call the South road in sight of the beautiful black cliffs and the breakers dashing up against them and beating themselves into white foam on the clear blue-green water. Then we went inland through narrow lanes, all paved, with hedgerows on either side and fields of flax or high mossy walls covered with ferns in all the crevices and the most lovely roses and perennial peas and golden broom etc. etc. all around us. Crossing a narrow high bridge we would look down and see women with bright dresses and kerchiefs on their heads washing in the stream below and spreading the clothes upon the rocks to dry with little stones laid upon them to prevent them from blowing away.

May 14, '72

This morning we are going to the Cedars and I am to drive with Edie in her pony carriage. Tonight we go to the "Drama." The playing is by a Portuguese amateur troupe, I believe.

I have seen so much that is wonderful and beautiful since I have been here that I have wanted you all here so much to see it too. They all say you *must* come out next summer.

Miss Clara remembered your remark about fleas and says she considers it a very insufficient reason indeed for not coming. Oh you would enjoy it so very much I know.

With a great deal of love to you all I am  
Your loving daughter  
Sarah C. Jones

Ponta Delgada  
St. Michaels May 27, 1872

Dear Papa

I have a very few moments for writing per steamer. I was delighted to receive Minnie's letter on coming back from the Furnas. It was our first home news.

We spent a week most delightfully at Fayal. They are all so kind and nice. I feel so well acquainted now. Then Mrs. Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. John D., Mr. and Mrs. Sam D., Miss Tinkham, Francie and Alice D. and the boys, Mrs. C. and Alice F. left with us in the yacht last Monday about 11 A.M. and we arrived at St. Michaels about 6 P.M. on Tuesday after a pleasant sail with light winds. The yacht was almost instantly besieged by perfect shoals of Portuguese gentlemen who apparently felt called upon to welcome the yacht in the name of their city. We were kept an hour or more with constant throngs coming and going before the health boat came off. Then we all went on shore in the fastest little boat with lateen sails belonging to the Baron of Fontabella. He is a mere boy and very short, stout and unpolished. He would *not* take no for an answer so we all



packed in, baggage and all, to the imminent danger of our lives, almost swamping the poor little tiny boat. Such a shouting and gesticulating as there is about everything, even the smallest thing. It seems impossible for the people to do anything without the greatest amount of talking and arguing, and all together too, in a loud key. Ever since arriving at St. Michaels there has been one continuous *circus* and rampaging about. I never saw anything like it.

The Ivens' were expecting me alone so were utterly surprised at seeing the others and I never in my life saw a scene of confusion to equal that which ensued when we all met. Then we all had to be quartered, the hotel being full. Oh such plans and counterplans.

The next day we started in two parties for the Furnas. Some went with us in the yacht to Ribeira Quent where we took donkeys over the beautiful hills. A few went by land, arriving much later. How delighted I was with all I saw! I am writing in haste with the carriage at the door as I have some places to see before leaving about 12 N.

I have seen a great deal of them all in the short time here, and have spent as much time as I could with Grandma (Amelia Hickling Chambers Nye). It pleases her so much to see me and she never wants me to leave her.

We spend about a week in Fayal and then off for Teneriffe. I am so well and strong. I was perfectly happy at getting Minnie's letter.

With ever so much love to all you dear people at home

I am your loving  
Sarah.



*Rambler*

May 28, 1872.

Dear Minnie

We are sailing along very slowly on our way from St. Michaels to Fayal. The sails go flap, flapping as we roll slowly along with a dim outline of Terceira in the distance.

May 29

Here I was interrupted by Cousin Sam who proposed a rowing expedition, so both boats were lowered. We had races and rowed about for a long time. It was calm, quiet and warm and a lovely sunset and we had such pretty views of the yacht as she came up behind us. We saw schools of fish, some Mother Carey's chickens and oh a whale spouting in the distance. We hope to arrive tomorrow morning as there is to be a great Festa to celebrate Corpus Christi Day.

Now I want to tell you all about St. Michaels. Mr. Forbes asked the Dabneys to make up a party and go on the yacht. Have I told you about Cousin John's family? I like them very much. He is very kind and pleasant and so sweet and lovely about Edie. Cousin Sarah is more reserved than Cousin Harriet but I like her very much, now that I know her better. She reminds me of Grandma and has all the points of family resemblance. Edie is somewhat like Alice but her figure is bent and her face rather worn. Francie I have taken a great fancy to. She is so bright and odd and very talented.

June 4

There remains John, a quiet nice boy; Sally rather a romp and Nelly quiet and shy; then you know Alice has a little

sister Rose who is about 7 and Charlie 5 tomorrow. Oh the children are all so charming, no wonder Miss Tinkham is so fond of them.

We had a pleasant sail down and anchored before sunset. There was a great excitement of boats passing and repassing and coming alongside and letting quantities of gentlemen come on board. Our attention was presently called to a little lateen rigged boat with the funniest prow like a ram or iron-clad. She was scudding about us approaching nearer and nearer each time. On board, the Dabneys recognized Don Francisco, a gentleman whom they had seen in Fayal and who lives in St. Michaels.

As soon as he had made himself observed he came on board and introduced his friend, the Baron of Fontabella the owner of the boat. They were very polite and profuse in their offers and at last Mr. Forbes accepted the invitation and we went on shore in the lateen rig. My dear Minnie, from that moment up to the time of our leaving the Island we had devoted attendants upon our steps. We were hardly free from them a moment. It was *very* funny and I *hope* I shan't forget it all before I come home. I laugh whenever I think of it.

We all went up to the hotel to leave wraps etc. and then Cousin Harriet, Francie and I determined to go at once to find out Aunt Mary Ann Ivens. A gentleman (who was the consul or something) provided us with a guide. Dear me — such a time. Our guide proved very inefficient and remained mostly in the background forcing us to keep waiting and calling to him. Finally he brought us to Cousin Thomas Ivens' not Aunt Mary Ann's at all. Well we went up the steps (which are in the lower story of the house,

for it is like a Portuguese house). Just then who should appear at the foot of the steps but the young Baron and some of his comrades who informed us very politely that it was Croquet afternoon and all the young ladies were at the Croquet grounds whither they (with much bowing and hatlifting and smiling) would be most enraptured to escort.

We could but accept, so marched off to the Croquet, but alas! no one was there. With a hundred apologies they offered to conduct us back again. We declined and returned toward Cousin Thomas' (with them following close at our heels) when suddenly we looked up at the balcony and saw three young girls. There was an instant shriek from one of them, "Why Francie! It's Francie Dabney!" They came flying down and seized upon us all. They were Octavia and Henny Ivens and a Portuguese friend. I found that they were expecting me on the yacht, but no one else. Aunt Eliza's letter gave them the impression that the yacht was coming direct to St. Michaels without stopping at Fayal, so they were wholly amazed at seeing the Dabneys.

Aunt Mary Ann, hearing that a yacht had arrived, had gone down to the hotel to meet me. Oh the hubbub that evening. Henny, Francie, Octavia, Cousin Harriet and I all set out for the hotel. It was just like Taffy, for Aunt Mary Ann and Lavinia had gone back to the house, but we found Cousin Henry Madeiros. He was very kind, pleasant and very funny. He was Mamma's godfather. Then there were two Portuguese girl cousins and all the yacht party. Some of them had been out walking over a garden (escorted by our devoted attendants of course). Presently Aunt



Mary Ann and Lavinia and Harriet appeared and I *never* heard such a noise and hubbub. Our attendants were flitting about here, there and everywhere and offering all their possessions for our use and behoof. At last it was decided that Francie and I should stay at Aunt Mary Ann's, others go to Cousin Thomas' and the rest go back to the yacht whither they were escorted by the adherants who returned in time to escort us to the Ivens'. I shall never forget how the town looked by moonlight.

Octavia took me right in to see dear Grandma. I had tried to realize how it would be and how changed she would look, but we cannot wholly prepare ourselves at such a time. I cannot tell you what I felt when I first saw her sitting there in her armchair by the window, a bent form and not one look of the face I remembered. It all rushed upon me, all that her life had been. I could not say or do much then but all the time I was at St. Michaels I was with her as much as I possibly could be and I am so *glad*, so *very* glad to have been able to see her.

They had told her that I was coming but it takes her a long time to realize anything. That evening after I had seen her she was in tears and she would not go to bed until they promised that she should see me again before she slept. So I went in again and she held my hand very tight and kissed me when I said goodnight. At first I was afraid the excitement might be painful but she always seemed perfectly happy to have me sit beside her and hold her hand and tell her about all of you at home.

I want to write Aunt Eliza about her and what good care her servant Maria takes of her and how I saw her eating her breakfast one morning and then one night in



bed, sleeping peacefully as a little child. She has the tenderest care and they are all so cheerful and bright about her.

We had a trip to the Furnas and enjoyed it *so* much. Then a morning of going about gardens etc. and another trip to the Seven Cities — *most beautiful*. Then we had one delightful quiet Sunday evening in town and a morning full as it could hold of everything and then they all came on board the yacht with us, Uncle Thomas Hickling too (who is just the dearest old man), and of course our devoted adherents and then we bade them goodbye and set sail. We came in flying Thursday afternoon with a nice fresh breeze and such beautiful views of Pico and Fayal.

Today Mr. Forbes has gone off in the yacht with a party of "Natives." We had a delightful excursion to the Caldeira on jacks and had a magnificent view of the crater — this huge round basin clothed in verdure with a lake at the bottom — but giving you such an idea of utter desolation and solitude. Then we went over the hills toward Capello and spent the night. Edie met us there, having come around by carriage and we five girls all slept in one room, all but Edie on the floor — and what fun we had. This end of the Island is where the eruptions are more recent and the lava is still grey on the hills. We then went out in a rowboat for a better view of the cliffs and some beautiful arches of rocks through which we rowed. Next morning we started for Castello Branco, a beautiful great rocky island joined to the mainland by a narrow causeway. The upper stratum of the rock is dazzling white when the sun shines on it.

Oh Minnie I have enjoyed it all so much — every moment has been full. And now we shall have the most beautiful of all sailing, for everyone says the trade winds in the southern

latitudes are the very perfection of sailing. And to see Teneriffe too. Oh bliss, bliss.

I hope and hope that I may have letters by this steamer but they will all be waiting for me in England I suppose — alas!

Ever so much love to you all at home  
from your loving  
Sarah.

From — “J. M. F., Reminiscences.”

A postscript to a letter written by J. M. F. on Apr. 2, 1891, describing S. C. J. in a thunder squall while returning from Fayal in the *Rambler*. The scene is brought to mind vividly by the painting of the *Rambler* which hangs above the stairs in the Mansion House at Naushon.

“When the black cyclone wrapped us in its folds off Bermuda, the sails reduced to the size of a handkerchief, the skies hung with black rolling clouds, like curtains of somber crepe, the sea black as ink, all hands on deck awaiting the crash which seemed soon to burst upon us, my eye caught Serena, her delicate hands clasped on one of the back-stays tightened like a straining harp string to the coming storm, her feet just touching the deck and, utterly unconscious of danger, singing her and my favorite song, “Oh give me a home by the sea; a home, a home, a home by the deep rolling sea,” the notes of the gale pealing against the rigging as a suitable accompaniment. I think the other passengers were all below. This picture is the one I keep of her in my most sacred gallery.”

Yacht *Rambler*

July 15 '72 4 P.M.

Off Naushon — Vineyard Sound!

Dear Papa

Land ahoy on our weather bow — Naushon! Hurrah! here we are. All well — light breeze — foggy.

Oh dear Papa how delightful it is to be so near you all. How can I wait. I hope to send this on shore as Mr. Forbes sends off a boat at Tarpaulin with a telegram. We hope to arrive at Boston some time tomorrow wind permitting and then hurrah for home! I do hope you are all well and everything is right.

If we arrive at Boston in the afternoon too late for trains I shall come down in the very *earliest*, next day. Mr. Forbes wanted me to say I would spend the night there so that we might all be together one evening as he thought it very forlorn for me to go off but I am coming down in the very first train I can catch.

All well — fine voyage. Left Teneriffe June 21. Lay to, last night, on account of fog. Saw Block Island at noon today. In great hurry as I may have to stop at any moment. I am so glad that my wits are all gone.

I will send a telegram from Boston when we arrive so that you may meet me at our depot. Oh how joyful it will be. I shall really be so sorry to leave our *dear* dear little yacht too.

The very best part of going away is coming home and seeing you all and oh I hope you are all well. You know I haven't heard a word from you except Minnie's first note, and hardly any news of America since leaving!

Now goodbye but only for a very short time with ever so much love to everyone of you, Emma, Minnie and all.

Yours,  
Sarah.

From "J. M. F. Reminiscences."

"About the middle of July we found our way through the fog into Tarpaulin Harbor, and there got news of home, took a drive across to the Mansion House, re-embarked, and the next day reached Boston in the midst of a heavy rain squall, which made us lower our sails, and ignobly give ourselves up to a tug to be towed up to town. We found all well, and the only great news that greeted us was the coming marriage of Mr. Edward Jones to our old friend, Miss Mary Luce."

New Bedford  
July 19, 1872

(To Sarah Forbes)

My dear dear Sarah

I never can tell you how much your love and sympathy have been to me all my life long, and now that I feel myself standing on the threshold of a new life so wholly different from the old one I loved so dearly, it is the most beautiful thing in the wide world to me to have such words come to me as you sent across the ocean so many weeks ago, but which are as fresh and sweet as when they were written. Such words can never grow old. If you only knew how it strengthens and comforts me.



Do you know that it seems to me that everything which comes to us in this world can be made a blessing and a development. And if we only look forward cheerfully and try with our whole hearts to do right, nothing but good *can* come.

Emma and Minnie are both so sweet and lovely about it all. I learn more and more every day what brave beautiful characters they have and feel oh, so proud of my own dear sisters.

I do not feel that I can write to your Father now but I hope that I may some day tell him all that these months have been to me. Looking back now upon them and my visit among those lovely families, it seems to me like a blessed season of utter rest and peace and a beautiful link between the old life which seems now so far behind me and the new one which is opening before me and which it is my earnest wish and hope that I may help to render a happy one to my dear Father and the new companion whom he has brought to us to share in all our joys and sorrows.

My dear child I thank you with my whole heart for your true friendship and believe me

Always

Your friend

Sarah C. Jones

4.

## *Engagement and Marriage*

Naushon

Oct. 27, 1872

Dear Emma

Here I am at Naushon just for a little wee visit. It is *beautiful* here now — the foliage is so very brilliant. The whole house is bright with autumn leaves, fires in all the rooms and the air perfectly delicious.

Oh did you hear the excitement concerning Sarah's room? When Miss Annie Peabody was here she asked if there were not arsenic in the paper. A friend of hers had a room papered with very nearly the same shade and was obliged to have it taken off. They thereupon were greatly excited and sent the chemists a pattern of it to be examined. They said they had scarcely ever seen paper so full of arsenic. It has all been pulled off.

Sarah's wisdom tooth has come through and I think it was that which troubled her, for she has been very much better and is now looking as strong and well and brown as she can be.

We are all sitting in the Chestnut Parlor writing busily. Annie A. and Sarah F. and Helen and Mary Slocum and I. Mr. Edward Cabot is the only other visitor just now but on Monday Will has a little Hunt. Mr. Cabot was in the war and I have enjoyed so much hearing him tell about that. Then he sketches *beautifully*.

With much love to Minnie, Emma H. and yourself my dear sister

I am yours

Sarah.

Emma and Amelia Jones and Emma Hathaway had sailed for Fayal in the Barque *Fredonia* on Oct. 20th.

New Bedford

Nov. 3, 1872

Dear Emma and Minnie too —

The *Kate Williams* did not sail until yesterday after all. I suppose she was delayed by the strong N.E. winds we have been having. Also the horse disease may have prevented her shipping her cargo. It has really been most terrible in its results and the worst is, that it still continues and every day things seem to become worse. Even if the mortality is not very great, it will be a long time before the horses can be put to any really hard work, and how are people to get on meanwhile. The papers are filled to overflowing with accounts from all over the country and certainly it has given rise to many very ridiculous contretemps. As yet everyone seems disposed to take it cheerfully and make the best of it. Oh such very funny stories as we are constantly hearing at Naushon, for people go away and then write back about these funny adventures with their baggage etc. and the strange sights they saw in the streets.

Our horses have escaped until now, but it appears to be only a question of time for today both Dan and John have come down with it. Almost all the horses in town are sick. The other night the train arrived full in a pouring rain and only one hack at the Depot.

Susy's Grandmother wishes very much to go home for

a rest and Cook promised her that he would try to send her up but when the time came he could not and she is still here. Mrs. Richmond was obliged to walk from the Depot out to Roxbury on Saturday evening in the pouring rain. Mr. Riley Howland's sister was coming down to his wedding and the horses gave out. She got into a baker's cart and made another attempt and that horse gave out. She was obliged to give it up and did not get here after all.

Lily Mandell has just come home from St. John and she has seen a great deal of it, as it began up there. She arrived at 9 oclock Friday night and Henry Stone met her and was fortunate enough to have a carriage. I do not see how all the out of town people get along — no horse cars or anything. It must be bad for Cambridge.

At Naushon they were quite excited about moving up for there was all the baggage and children to be transported. Will and all his family and baggage went by afternoon train from Woods Hole. They were to stop at Quincy where an ox-team was to meet them.

Now I must go back and tell you of my whole visit at Naushon. I went with Annie on Saturday. Sunday was rather an unsettled day and in the afternoon just as we had decided to go out for a nice ride on horseback, it came down in perfect sheets and torrents, effectually putting a stop to any schemes of the kind. I instantly siezed the opportunity and my portfolio and began writing again, with the family all talking around me — those “noisy Slocums” and all! but really they were very lively and gay all the time.

Helen, I like exceedingly — we are the best of friends. We were sitting in the Chestnut parlor with the wind howling about the house and shaking the windows with great



gusts and the rain pelting against the panes. Inside it was beginning to grow dusk and the fire was a mass of glowing embers and everyone talking and laughing and still Annie and I sat by the table and scratch, scratch went our pens until we really could not see to write another word. Then we all drew up in a cozy little circle and began "throwing light." Alice had the first and she took "burns" in the common sense, in the sense of a brook and as the name of the Poet. Wasn't it good? It puzzled us for a long time. Then Mac gave "trunk"—of a tree—in a vessel—the railway—and as luggage. I thought we never should guess that. Then we had some very absurd ones and really had a great deal of fun. In the evening after tea we had some singing etc.

The next morning dawned as clear and beautiful as heart could desire but with a most tremendous N. E. wind blowing almost a gale. However it soon dried off last night's rain and Sarah and I went out in the woods and took a delightful walk. We got some beautiful bright maple leaves and rose hips. Will and Mac had been over to Woods Hole in the *White Cap* in all the blow and had brought back Mr. & Mrs. Alex Agassiz. I was delighted with both. She is a sister of Harry Russell. Mr. Agassiz is perfectly charming. He has very pleasant manners, is bright and well informed and always brimming over with life and spirits, and is so simple and almost like a child in some ways. We all had lunch and then Will came in with the rest of the Hunters—Mr. Hale, Col. Higginson and Mr. Adams.

Helen S., Sarah, Annie and I all walked over to Nonameset in this delicious fresh wind. It was the most exhilarating thing—you must remember that by this time at Naushon it was cold enough for winter coats and to feel the need for

exercise to warm the hands and feet. Then we sat around the fire upstairs and had what Alice called a "cozy time," the "Slokes" and I sewing while Alice read aloud some very funny letters of Mr. Charles Sedgwick. Then it was time to dress for dinner. Annie and Sarah went over to Will's to dinner and they sent us Mr. Horatio Hathaway in exchange. Later we talked around the fire and played cards — "California" of course. They had shot no deer.

The next day there was to be a grand Hunt at the West End. The gentlemen were to start at about 8 o'clock on horseback and in wagons. We ladies were to come out about 1. So we were all up very early though we had become so interested in our game the night before that we had sat up till nearly 12. Mr. Forbes and I playing picquet and Mr. Agassiz helping us and showing us how, and four at another table having an *exceedingly* noisy game of euchre. Well, up we got and oh how cold it was and how the wind whistled about our backs, although there was a warm bright fire blazing away in the room. (Annie and I had the room on the right hand of the entry opposite Gov. Bowdoin's). We flew downstairs to an early breakfast and then all hovered over the fire in the parlor, whilst a most lively circus went on about us. Such a looking up of guns and bags and powder and shot and whips and caps and coats and people and gloves and *everything*. The indefatigable euchre players sat down in the very heart of the circus and played doggedly Helen and Mary and Annie and Mac. Then Mrs. Forbes came flying into the room with her camera and wished to "take" all the hunters before they went off. So they arranged themselves forthwith around a horse and wagon (which moved constantly) and were "took." At

last they started. Later Alice drove over with Edith. Mrs. Forbes, Mr. & Mrs. Agassiz and I were in another wagon, and Annie and Helen on horseback. I wore my habit looped up with a red petticoat under it and christened my little riding cap and intended to ride back in Helen's stead, but alas! However I won't anticipate. It was the most beautiful day I think Naushon ever saw — not a cloud in the sky and this wonderful clear cold air and blue sky and the water a deep, deep blue and all the trees gorgeous and rustling in their autumn garb. The Bay was one wide stretch of sparkling blue and the Sound and Tarpaulin full of white sails all reefed down and tossing about among the white caps.

We arrived at the rendezvous just as they were returning from one of the drives. One deer had been shot, a fine buck by Will. We went off and took stands with the gentlemen for one short drive. Then sat down under a most beautiful beech tree and had our luncheon. Mrs. Forbes, who had brought her camera, instantly produced it and took us in the act.

After luncheon we started off again. Annie took a stand with Will and Edith and as she was sitting quietly listening to the shouts of the drivers and the barking of the dogs, she heard a rustling and saw a beautiful stag come stepping softly along over the underbrush. In her excitement, forgetting entirely that she was at a hunt, she said, "Oh Edith! Edith! look! look!" in a whisper to be sure, but he heard her and gave one bound. Will, who had been biding his time, was obliged to fire quickly and only succeeded in wounding him.

Our two saddle horses which were fastened near by, were frightened and broke their bridles and rushed off, so



there was an end to our riding home. When it came time to go, Helen Slocum and Mac and I thought we would walk home. It was perfectly beautiful and though our backs were toward the sunset we kept turning. We went through the broom plantation and started up one deer. Then we had a delightful breezy walk over the hills in the bright starlight. Then came the hurrying and scurrying to get dressed in time for dinner, for we were to have a grand dinner party of both houses. Young Dr. Bowditch (the one with the German wife) arrived in the midst of the dinner. He is very pleasant indeed and gave a funny account of his trip over from Woods Hole and ride up from Uncatena on Countess.

We had some singing in the evening and a very nice time talking. Poor Mr. Forbes was seized upon by several of the gentlemen, who talked business to him without cessation. The next morning there was another hunt at the West End but Sarah and I drove out in the woods and spent a quiet morning reading in a little sunny hollow all wrapped up in shawls. After lunch we had a nice time around the fire and bye and bye the others came back from the Hunt. I was *very glad* they had shot no deer.

We all went over and dined at Will's, his first grand dinner party. I did not feel quite well next morning and was obliged to stay over another day. Alice has laughed so much and called us girls the "invalid corps," for we dropped one after another like a row of cards. Next morning we were all up early and joined in an universal circus for we were all preparing to go off. Such a scampering about, collecting silver and waterproofs and bags and baskets and shawls and not a shawlstrap to be found! Then we piled



ourselves into the wagons and went down to the Steamboat which came in. I found Papa and Capt. Anthony at the wharf in New Bedford with Dan and with the jobbing wagon which they had engaged for the trunks. I found Mary well and with her new teeth all in. They looked very nicely. She felt *very* badly at first but now is quite reconciled. Her Mother is delighted.

Sat. Nov. 5th.

Friday morning Johnny Bourne came down to tell Annie that the German was given up on account of the horse sickness. Annie was delighted, for the disease was in its height and she would have been obliged to walk both to and fro.

Mary and I are sitting quietly in the library talking and writing. It is waxing late and I am waxing sleepy so I had better bid you good night and leave the other pages until tomorrow. Papa laughs at the length of our letters and thinks you will be quite disheartened.

Good night.

Nov. 11.

It is now Monday morning and since I last wrote, the most terrible thing has happened. A dreadful fire has been raging in Boston like that fearful Chicago fire last year. After the sermon yesterday Mr. Potter said that perhaps some of the congregation might not know that a most terrible fire was raging in Boston in the business part of the city, which had already destroyed millions of valuable property and was still entirely unchecked. Everyone was horror-struck. We found that only a short telegram had been received that morning with a request for our finest engines or engineers (they could not make it out) and no

really definite news could be obtained. The fire had broken out about 7 the night before and was increasing and spreading in all directions. There were also reports that it was near the Old Colony Depot — that Faneuil Hall was burned down — also the Tremont House — that Sears Building was in ruins — besides block after block in Summer St. Everyone was almost wild with excitement. A train started for Boston at 2 oclock taking a fire engine, hose and men, and 7 cars crowded with passengers. Andrew Howland went up. Mary and her Mother were much excited about Matthew Luce for, as nearly as they could tell, the fire was very near him and he had 3 lofts stored full with wool.

About 4 oclock an extra was published and about 5 another, containing the names of the buildings and firms burned out. Howland, Luce & Co. were not mentioned but this morning Mr. Edward Howland heard that they were burned out too. He was going down this morning and Mary and Papa had decided to go. Capt. Anthony and Annie went too. I send you a paper containing an account and you will see that some of the first reports were exaggerated, but in some cases they were not as bad as the reality, and just as the insurance offices were beginning to recover from the Chicago fire. I shall be very glad to hear more particulars though Papa and Mary may not come home tonight.

We are all so much excited by this that I *cannot* write of anything else. Mary Hammond came in to say that some of the engineers who went up yesterday had not come back and could not be found and it was feared they had been buried under a falling building, but of course such reports will go about. I shall be very glad to hear

the later news. I saw that Norwood Hallowell was among those burned out. There are a great many firms that Papa knows.

What a terrible struggle there must have been to save things with hardly any horses — all more or less weakened by illness. Of course the scarcity of horses must have been one great explanation of its having spread so rapidly. It was just as if the fire department were partially paralyzed. I suppose the engines had to be drawn by men, for the most part. I won't say any more of this.

I keep hoping that you arrived in time to send a telegram by some vessel leaving with a cargo of fruit for England or somewhere. I keep thinking of you all the time and can hardly believe that you are really seeing those very places I saw and the people, and probably feel as if you knew them almost as well as I do. I still have the habit of wishing, whenever I see anything, "Oh, how I should like to send that to Fayal, for this one or that one!" — so that it seems as if I *must* buy it on the spot.

Mr. Weiss begins a course of lectures this evening upon The Humor of Shakespeare and the Cause of Laughter. I think the one tonight will be put off on account of the fire.

Don't wear yourselves out writing. I hope the *first* letters will be long and satisfying but after that, pray do not let letters weigh on your minds. Give my love to all of them and with heaps to both of you, I am

Yours Sarah

None of our horses have yet died and they seem to be growing a little better, but they are very weak and cough a great deal.



New Bedford  
Dec. 2, 1872

Dear Emma and Minnie

Every day now we are hoping for a letter from you, for your telegram arrived on the 20th. of last month and if the same vessel brings us letters we ought to have them before *very* long.

On Thursday morning Annie and I attempted to go down to Boston in the 8 oclock train, but alas, we drove very slowly for the sake of the sick horse and arrived at the Depot just as the train was leaving. Oh how provoking. A man stopped us and would not let us get on and the cars were really beginning to go quite fast. So we went home to wait until the midday train. I went directly to Aunt Eliza's and soon Papa came in and then Mary. Poor Aunt Eliza, the news of Grandma's death was a great shock to her. Mr. Prescott told Papa that the day after the news came, Mr. Nye sent for him and was married again in all due form.

Later I met Alice Ware and Cousin Roxie Dabney at the apothecary's store (corner of Tremont and Winter) for that is our usual meeting place. The concert was very fine. A Miss Liebe played on the violin and we were very much impressed by her. She looked like a bright picture as she stood there so straight and slim. She played a Mozart Sonata which I have heard either you or Vin Bowditch play. It was lovely.

After the concert was over I went with Alice Ware to buy some ribbon for her bonnet. She did have such a dreadful time with it, poor thing, and it was so funny. It was a very pretty one of dark green velvet trimmed



with apple blossoms, and with *only* lace strings. It kept bobbing off at the back of her head and we kept pulling it on and could hardly keep it steady a moment. We really were afraid that her hair and all would go. Alice grew quite solemn at the idea and tried to stop laughing, saying "why really Sarah, this is dreadful, *something* must be done! *where* is that bonnet shop!" It was found at last and she was patched up with ribbon strings, quite to her comfort and delight.

We had a very nice drive over from the station to the Cunninghams. It was a glorious cold starlight night and we all arrived hungry as bears. You know Mr. Cunningham has gone out to China again, probably for four years, and of course it leaves Mrs. C. with the whole care of the family and all affairs. I always liked her and now see so much to respect and admire. Alice too is the same dear old sixpence. Each of the children looks as I last remember his older brother. After supper we went up to Mrs. Cunningham's room and had a long talk by her fire.

Oh I did enjoy my visit so much. Sometimes we would take all the children and pile them into the wagon with quantities of robes and wrappings and take them all off for a nice sunny drive. The older ones would hang their feet over the back of the wagon and then they would all sing. One day we dined at Edith Hemenway's. Mrs. Hemenway is very much interested in her greenhouse, having just made the experiment of taking a lady as gardener, a graduate from the Bussy school. She hopes others will take it up so that a new field may be opened for women.

Sunday we dined at the Forbes'. Mr. Forbes has been quite ill. He caught cold at the time of the fire and then

was troubled with dyspesia. Also he had not been able to have his accustomed horseback exercise on account of the horse disease. He had dinner by himself and then wanted me to sit by him a little while. He looked very weak but soon roused up in telling me about the *Azalea* which is in New Bedford undergoing alterations. She is to be lengthened and to have about 10 feet of overhang in addition. This will allow the size of the trunk to be increased, giving two more staterooms. Then the bowsprit is to be lengthened though the bow is to be otherwise unchanged. I think it is a very good thing for Mr. Forbes to have this now, to occupy him and interest his mind.

It seemed as if there were crowds of people to see him all Sunday. At dinner there were Molly and Harry Russell and the three children and, besides the family, Henry Stone and Annie and Alice Ware and I. After dinner came Aunt Mary Cunningham, and the Dr. with his little boy, and Will and Edith and some of the children, and Mr. & Mrs. Edward Cunningham and Frank Watson and Theodora etc. etc. Sarah says this morning that he is very much better. Then too, Mac has come home and that seems to have done him (JMF) good, for he misses him (Mac) a great deal and likes to have him (Mac) talk with him (JMF) and rub him in the night and be with him generally. This struck me as being a sentence worthy of Mrs. Nickleby herself, so tried to make it a little clearer. Mac has been out West for some time. He started the very day the fire broke out. He went to see George Holdrege and into Nebraska on a new line as far as Fort Kearney, and then on a shooting expedition.

Aunt Eliza spoke of sending you photographs of the

burned district and I think it a very good idea. It is a wonderful experience and one which I am almost sorry you have lost. I cannot help feeling that when any such thing does come into our lives, it is better to go through it and see it all and fully realize it. The same way that I feel about our war, I feel in a lesser degree of this terrible fire. Some most splendid things have been done and everyone has come out wonderfully. I suppose any great crisis always develops wonderful resources in people.

Matthew Luce had a large quantity of wool that arrived that Saturday and was left at the Depot as no horses could be obtained to transport it to their warehouse. Of course that is doubly valuable now.

Down town the whole features of the place are changed. Such crowds, such mud, such smoke and dirt and carts laden with "debris," such curiosities for sale and forests of advertisements telling of the removals, all among the ruins. And oh how desolate it looks standing on Washington St. or a Tremont St. corner to see the masts of the vessels and the blue water beyond, with nothing between except the old jagged walls standing up and chimneys and smoking heaps of stone and ashes and gas pipes sticking up here and there.

I came home on Tuesday and found Papa sitting at his desk writing and Mary sitting in Capt. Anthony's chair sewing. We all sat down and had a good talk about our doings.

We had a very funny time Thanksgiving morning. Annie and I were up in my room when in rushed Susy and Zaidee laughing and talking. They instantly began to tease Annie to "have something" in the evening, as "it was a shame to



have Thanksgiving go by without, and everyone was at home and in the spirit" etc. etc. Well dear good-natured little Annie (who rather felt in the mood herself) decided to have a little German and rushed over to ask her Father about it. I did not feel that I wanted to go myself but would rather go quietly with Papa and Mary to her Mother's in the evening. The German went off very well after it was once started.

Oh I cannot tell you how I miss you. I know I seem to be doing and going all the time and I *am* a great deal, and am very happy, but oh I do miss you so much that sometimes it does seem as if I could not bear it. I have thought a great deal about my going away from home so much but have really decided that it is right and best for me to do it, so I shall try to improve every opportunity which comes to me this winter and shall take singing lessons once a week.

Your second letters have arrived — Oh dear if I could only look in upon you, but I can imagine and that is enough.

Good night

Your ever loving sister

Sarah C. Jones.

New Bedford

Jan. 24, 1873

My dear Sisters

I have something to tell you which I know will surprise you very much indeed for I did not know it myself until a very few days ago. I love Malcolm Forbes and I have promised to be his wife. Oh my dear Emma and Minnie I know this will be entirely unexpected and how deeply you will feel it and I know that you cannot help feeling



badly about it too. But if you were only here and could see how perfectly happy I am and could know him and feel sure as I do, what a manly noble husband I shall have — sometime — it seems to me that all your feelings could not help changing into one of gladness and happiness. For it seems to me that a most beautiful thing has come to me and I never felt so blessed before.

It is nothing sudden — but has been coming nearer and nearer for a long time now, and though I knew a year ago that he cared for me and that I cared for him as I *never* had before for any one, still it was not until this week that I knew that I really loved him — and felt when he asked me to be his wife that I could say yes, with my whole heart. If you only could have seen him and have known how perfectly generous and unselfish he has been for so long, I know you would be so glad for me and so proud.

It was while Annie and I were staying at the Morse's and I only saw him once for a very short time after it and that was the morning of the day I came home. I wanted to see Papa and Mary alone first and tell them about it myself and he had written a letter to Papa for me to take. Oh my dears how I did wish for you and long for you to be there too. It was, of course, a great shock and surprise to Papa at first and Mary was hardly less startled, though when she began to think it over I do not think she was as much so and it did not seem so entirely strange and unexpected. We all had a long talk that night and I think when it was over we all understood each other better and I think Papa began to think more and more that it was real and true and no sudden thing. I wrote to Malcolm that night and told him he might come down on Thursday and

that Papa would see him then. The letter was to go by Wednesday's early mail. Papa was in Boston on Wednesday and of course did not wish to see Malcolm there — but they did meet, quite unexpectedly, and I think that Papa was very much pleased with him, in those few minutes. Papa told him that he could say nothing then but would see him next day and then shook hands and left him.

You have no idea what a good excuse the *Azalea* is. Malcolm came down in the early train, went to see her and then came here about 11. He saw Mary for a few minutes and she was just as sweet and kind as she could be. Oh she has been so lovely to me — for I *never* can tell you how hard it was for me that first night and indeed all the time until after Papa had had a talk with Malcolm on that Thursday morning. I sat upstairs alone with Mary and I thought the time would never go. But at last Papa came up and I knew by his face that it was all right. He came up to me and kissed me very gently and then smiled and said, "It is all right" and he said "yes — no — well yes I suppose it is!" and laughed and then I went down.

Papa was so nice with Malcolm and so kind and I think they were each pleased with the other and understood each other much better. We decided that no one should know it but ourselves and his family (I mean those in the house) for the present, so that we might have a little quiet time but we are to tell some of our friends next Thursday, though we have had *very* little time yet really together. I have only seen him twice, just think of it. At first we thought that he had better not take dinner here on account of the servants but we could not help it, the time was awfully short, so he stayed.

Oh my dear girls I wish you could know how lovely Mary has been to me. But I have wanted you so much. I really think Papa is pleased now, but oh it seems as if I could not wait to know what the Forbes' all thought of it. I *cannot* feel sure that they will like it, but I do not suppose it would be possible for me to feel sure until I *knew* — from themselves. But Malcolm does not feel a doubt. If you could only see how splendidly he has acted about it all. I cannot help feeling proud — and I am so happy.

This is written in a great hurry. At first it seemed as if I could not write, much as I wished to. I can't bear to think of your hearing this so far away from home. It was one of the first things I thought — how hard it will be for them — but you must not let it. For I am happier than I ever was before and think I am the luckiest girl! and so would you if you knew.

Mary has written to Emma so this envelope shall have Minnie's name, though for both. Love to dear Emma H. and all the others — and love especially to both you dear ones, from

Your ever loving

Sarah

and the best is that Malcolm is as happy as I.

45 Berkeley Hotel  
Boston

Feb. 21, 1873.

Dear Emma and Minnie

This must be another joint letter because I have so little time before this must be mailed. After this I am quite determined to do better. But my dear girls I *must* give a

little excuse for myself. Really I have done nothing but write write write ever since I was engaged. I want you to see our letters some time. Such kind beautiful things were said to us both. Oh my dears how much I miss you all the time.

Yesterday came your letters by *Insulari* of the 28th. Jan. and in every one there is something that makes me feel — oh dear how I wish they knew of my engagement and all that is happening. Oh how can I wait and what will they say and do and it goes right to my heart to see how little you suspect anything and to have you write of our all going abroad together etc. etc. and to say the loving things you do to me and I do love you so dearly, so dearly, that I cannot bear the thought of its being such a shock and surprise to you as I am afraid it was. Then too it will be very hard to go away from home where we were all so happy together. Mary is so sweet to me and has been all through.

Malcolm is going to get this down to the train tonight to go in the mail car. He wants very much to write but it is a pretty hard thing to know what he can say before you have written to him and I cannot help him out one bit though I tried. We are always talking of you together and he is going to send you his love and hopes he will be forgiven. I have had the warmest welcome anyone ever had from his whole family and friends.

With best love to all and particularly to you two dear sisters from

Your loving

Sarah.



New Bedford  
April 2, 1873

My dear Mrs. Forbes

I want to tell you of the joyful news that at last, I have received letters from Emma and Minnie which were written after they had heard of my engagement. It happened in this way — my letter was, as I feared, too late for the February steamer and was obliged to wait a whole month in Lisbon. Meanwhile Alice Dabney had come up to St. Michaels and one evening when they were all assembled at one of the houses, Alice Dabney called E. and M. to hear a letter from me which had just been forwarded direct from England by a chance fruit steamer.

Of course they had no idea of what was coming and when Alice opened the letter and read it they were perfectly thunderstruck. The girls' letters were very short ones written in great haste in the first excitement. They came by the same steamer which had brought the news. There was also the wildest and most delighted letter from Alice D. for she has always looked upon Malcolm as a sort of hero.

Malcolm came down last Saturday bringing a letter from Sarah. She is very peaceful and happy with the Haydocks in New York. One day while I was staying with Sarah and Alice at the Berkeley, we went out to Medford to see Mrs. Hallowell and Mrs. Haydock and we had such a very pleasant morning. They were at work on towels, so we all fell to and had quite a bee. Mrs. Haydock keeping us laughing all the time with her stories. I took quite a severe

cold and had some trouble with a tooth, but Alice is a delightful nurse. No one could have been kinder.

I hope they will not launch the *Azalea* until Saturday for I want very much to be able to see her. Everyone seems to think she is greatly improved, in appearance as well as in comfort.

Yesterday was a beautiful cloudless day with that lovely light blue sky which seems so very far off and Naushon lay in the distance so perfectly clear with the afternoon sun shining brightly on the houses. I can just make them out from my window.

Thank you for the letter which you wrote to me just after hearing of the escape from the wave. Minnie wrote only a little about it and it was not till later that I realized what a terrible thing it might have been.

With best love to you and to Mr. Forbes, believe me

Very affectionately  
Sarah.

A huge tidal wave surged over the breakwater at Horta, Fayal.

New Bedford  
Apr. 3, '73

Dear Emma

Your dear dear letters of Mar. 3 have come at last and oh how glad I was to have them. It seemed as if I never could get them open — but when I did and read all the dear sweet things you said to me, I didn't know what to do. And then to think of your hearing of it that way. You know I had been fearing more and more that the news

would come in some chance way. However it is all over now, and I can only say again and again, thank you for your letters. I should think you would have hated Malcolm and me and the whole thing at first, but I don't believe you will bye and bye. I mean I think you will really like him very much. It is so nice about Papa, for I really think he does in spite of himself. Sometimes when we are talking he tries to defend Malcolm and takes his part, just as if *we* were trying to run him down. It is so funny that Mary and I get laughing and then have to tell Papa the reason and he laughs himself. Malcolm is very fond of that simple rice pudding we have and Papa is very much pleased and says, "Really he shows a great deal of sense, Sarah. A remarkably sensible taste in a young man. Of course he doesn't like these messy and foolish moranges." And his very highest praise of Malcolm is to say that "he is not at all like the rest of the family." And Papa is very much interested in talking about all our plans.

Nothing is settled yet but I suppose we shall live in Milton. Malcolm took me to see the "Cottage" where Molly and Harry Russell lived. We went all over it and I think it is delightful. You have a beautiful view of the harbor from the back windows and the house nestles down so cosily. You know it is the little house where Mr. and Mrs. Forbes began and Malcolm can remember living there. I begin already to feel very fond of the dear old rambling house. There are such nice nooks and crannies in it.

How glad I shall be when July comes and you are with us again. I suppose the *Fredonia* will come to Boston and not New Bedford and I think that I shall go down to Milton about that time so I shall be sure to be on hand. Malcolm

suggested cruising up the harbor to meet her — every day — but I should be *so* afraid of missing you and that would be perfectly *dreadful*.

I am very eager to get out and make some of the numerous calls which are impending over me. If I wait much longer I shall have nought to wear, “between hay and grass,” as Mary calls it. The Anthony’s are all well and busied with Quarterly Meeting.

Ever so much love to everyone from

Your loving  
Sarah.

Boston  
Monday Evng.  
June 2, '73

Dear Emma

Today Papa brought Mary and me the report that the *Fredonia* was to sail on Thursday. So I instantly bestirred myself. I scarcely know where to begin.

Lucy came to see me the other day and seemed quite like her old self. She *would* have company ways with me before, but now she seems very bright and at her best — was even cross and denounced “dressing” and “the-ati-cals” once or twice. She was very much interested to hear that I am to live in Milton and all about the Cottage. She said “suz-a-day” and made clucking noises several times and said, “Well now Sarah, I hope you’ll make a good housekeeper and will learn a little more about cooking than you know, and will be more careful about your dresses!” And I was



so glad to hear her talk that I didn't mind her scolding me a little.

I met Malcolm at the train Saturday morning early, for he had come down to get the last things for the *White Cap* and *Azalea* and to have a little trial trip. We drove down to Rotch's wharf for a look at the dear old *Azalea* who was lying at anchor in the river. It was so lovely and bright and sunshiney that I could not resist and readily consented to go too. So we rushed up to the house, got some provisions and sea clothes and off we went. Richard Morgan, Mr. Keeney and one "hand" were the only others. The wind was fresh and came in flaws and we had to come back and double reef the mainsail, no foresail and bonnet off the jib. There was not enough ballast for the sails and it made her too "cranky", but as the great object is to have her no deeper than at present, on account of Hadley Harbor, they will probably make things right by reducing sail and shortening masts. But before doing so she is to take in more ballast and Will will bring her around the Cape and enter her in the race on June 11th.

On Sunday Henry, Mac, Lily and I ran over to Naushon and had a delightful day. We landed and walked and ran about, and Lily and I went down in the Glen and sat in the tree, and coming home I steered! We did not get in until 9 P.M. being, of course, nearly becalmed in the river.

Next day was the real trial trip. Mr. Forbes and Capt. Faucon and Capt. Anthony and George Tyson and Papa, Mary, Annie and I all went and had a perfect sail. Mac and I arranged the table with all sorts of nice things — such a compact pretty little black walnut table. After dinner the wind freshened and sent all the plates and dishes flying but

Capt. Faucon is worth his weight in gold at such times, and seemed to be all hands.

In the evening Mac and I had a little talk. You two figure very largely in those. He is always laughing because I will “wonder” and “suppose” and “imagine”!

When the *Fredonia* sails I *really* shall count the days till your return. Things come up all the time that I am wild to ask you about. Oh how dreadful it would be if you hated my house and the things I have got for it. This morning Mary and I bought all my carpets and ordered nearly all of my furniture.

I am at Aunt Eliza's, and Grace (Dana) and I have been wondering and talking about you all. The little baby (Edith Dana) is very cunning.

Aunt Eliza is so kind to have me here as she is moving down to Fairhaven on Thursday. It is so much easier doing things here than when I am staying at the Forbes' for they are always having so many other enticing plans that it is very hard to keep on with necessary things.

Malcolm starts on Friday to bring the *White Cap* around the Cape. The *Zepher* who, like the *Azalea*, has been enlarged and more heavily sparred, is finished and yesterday they raced over to Naushon. The dear old A. came out 15 minutes ahead!

I spent an afternoon with Malcolm at the Cottage with carpenter, plumber, and gas man, for gas is coming over the Hill and we are going to take it. Are you glad or sorry? I am both, but know it will be immensely convenient. I *do* think that lamp and firelight is so very pleasant but there is nothing like gas at the time of parties and of *course* we shall constantly give large balls — particularly just at first!

I have just been saying goodnight to Grace and talking a little to her after she had gone to bed. She wanted me to tell her what I think you and Minnie and Emma H. have been doing, so I told her about donkey rides and gardens etc. etc. She wants to see Emma H. so much and says she will *dance* when Sister Emma comes home!

Edith Forbes is getting on pretty well but has tired herself a good deal furnishing her Father's house. Mr. Emerson and Ellen have arrived at last, having had a delightful trip. Everyone admired Mr. E. but wished he could leave his charming daughter behind him when he went away. Ellen makes friends wherever she goes. Edith is to be confined in late July or early August — after they have moved on the Island. (Enter Edward W. Forbes, July 16.) Will has taken charge of the Old Farmhouse and East End Farm and is much interested in his farming schemes. He is building in Milton near his old house on his Father's land and hopes to go in when he comes off the Island. They have their hands full.

Papa seems pleased with the Cottage, though I don't think he entirely likes the idea of my living in "bleak Milton." However, one can't have everything — though I can't help secretly feeling as if I did have about all!

Oh Emma I can't help saying again how kind and unselfish and devoted Mary has been all through. She is lovely to me, if ever anyone was, and I know you will all be very happy together.

With love to you and Minnie and Emma Hathaway

Your loving sister  
Sarah.

New Bedford  
June 6, '73

Dear Minnie,

I was driving up Union St. this afternoon alone in a carriage, when Charles Price rushed towards me and gave me three letters which had just arrived, per *Kate Williams*. When I looked at the dear old blue envelopes with the familiar writing I felt really jubilant!

I rushed home with the letters to Mary. She was changing her dress and so I read them to her. They were written at St. Michaels, you know, and you were daily expecting the *Hortense*. I hope that she did come, for I could not bear to have you lose so much of the Fayal visit. It is awfully provoking for you to be among people whom it is so very hard to say "no" to without giving offense and I do occasionally feel like shaking Aunt Mary Anne, poor dear old lady. She is evidently very proud of her nieces, but isn't she a real *Hickling* as regards determination!

Both Mary and I felt a little anxious about the vaccination and hoped you would not have any trouble with it. I saw baby Edith (Dana's) arm and that has taken "beautifully" as the Dr. says, but it is a most dreadful looking place.

This afternoon Mary and I drove out to see them at Fairhaven. We found Aunt Eliza had gone to the village to try out their new beach wagon. We went up stairs to see the baby who was very bright and cunning. She went to Mary at once and didn't cry at all.

(from S. C. J.)



Milton July 1, '73  
(At the Russell's)

Dear Mary,

The trunk came yesterday all right, very many thanks for it. I find everything I want. The party seems to extend in size and importance from what I first thought, but I hope that Mrs. Forbes will not get tired out. I saw her yesterday for a few minutes and she said that Alice had written you and Papa.

The family are intending to go down to the Island on Saturday and I shall come home "sure," as Papa says, and will bring Malcolm if he will come. It will be the day after the Race (of July 4th.). Malcolm wants me to see it and I think we shall go with Mr. Forbes in some way.

Molly's baby is perfectly huge and the children are just as nice as they can be.

Yesterday I went in town with Malcolm and did a good many things, decided on the mantelpiece etc etc. On Sunday we all took dinner at the Forbes' and oh Mary I had the most beautiful present. Mrs. Forbes said she had some engravings in the parlor and wished Malcolm and me to select two. We chose a lovely St. Cecilia and a Raphael Madonna, one that is in Naples. I hardly remember seeing it before but I like it very much. Then Malcolm had found a nice little old mahogany table with two drawers and made me a present of that.

Oh I have not said one word about the *White Cap's* victory but we are all delighted. She got off among the first and was one of the few who went around the course gaining steadily all the time. She won the prize for boats

of her class and Malcolm is going to put the prize into a salver. I went with him yesterday to choose it. He already has a silver pitcher.

They worked hard for the race, getting the boat into good order and are perfectly delighted at her success. Malcolm thinks the changes have made her far more seaworthy and do not appear to hurt her in a light wind.

Last night Roger Wolcott and Malcolm came to tea and in the p.m. I took a little drive down to Squantum with Mac and missed a call from Alice and Murray Forbes. I believe I am fated never to see them or Miss Rotch. But I shall see all of these people at the party on Wednesday. Oh dear it makes me feel like retiring gracefully. I *wish* you and Papa could be here. I wonder when you will get Alice's note. If I ever give a party of my *own*, how I shall summon all of you to support me. But I do not suppose you will feel like coming to this one.

Here is little Mary bothering around me and I must stop.

Love to Papa and thank you again for all the things.

Yours lovingly  
Sarah.

Naushon

Aug. 24, '73

Dear Mary

Thank you for the trunk. It came all right and contains everything I wanted, and more. Tomorrow I hope to be all right again but have been flat on the bed for two days.

Today has been so beautiful and Malcolm and Dr.

Pomeroy have gone off for a sail. It is growing dusk but such a lovely sunset over everything and there is such a view from Alice's windows where I am. I can look out on the Sound and on the Bay by just lifting my head from the pillow.

Oh Mary I had such a successful day in Boston and was so *very* glad I went up. They were beginning to paper the Blue room and oh it is perfectly — perfect. The dear little grey birds look so soft and pretty. Oh the linen closet is in — a beauty! and in fact everything is going on finely. Probably the paperers and painters will be entirely through by the last of this week. Then it must be cleaned and the carpets can be put down and *then* the furniture can be moved in — only think of that. Oh I felt so delighted and happy after my visit in Boston. I felt as if my mind was 20 lbs lighter and everything seems *so* smooth for me. I *shall* be spoiled. You must not do so much or I shall begin to think what Papa said was true — that I am wearing you out! Do you remember?

I think that I have had and am having a most beautiful engagement all through, and I know and feel how *much* you and Papa have done to make it so — as well as Malcolm.

Alice and Mac and I have talked over my wedding list and no additions can be thought of. It strikes Alice as being just about the right size. Not at all a bouncer and yet large enough. It is getting darker and I must stop with a great deal of love to Papa and to Emma and Minnie.

(from S. C. J.)

Sarah Jones and Malcolm Forbes were married Oct. 14, 1873.

Naushon Oct. 26, '73

(From Malcolm Forbes.)

Dear Minnie

Thank you for yours of the 16th. which only reached me yesterday or it should have been answered before. As the cards fell short, of course you did right to send for more.

I hope you all enjoyed the wedding as much as Sarah and I did, we had a most jovial time and Sarah did not get tired with all the excitement, as I expected her to. Our trip on the Cape was just as successful as it could be. The weather you know was fine, then the pair of black ponies proved uncommonly tough and willing, and the hotels, if you can call them by such proud names, were good enough and the proprietors universally polite and anxious to please. We left our ponies to rest at Orleans and went by train to Provincetown and while there had the only bad weather since the 14th., and that did not keep us from seeing all we wished to see of the old town and harbor.

The last day we drove from Chatham to Woods Hole and came in after this fifty mile drive, holding the ponies back from the pace they wished to go at.

Sarah sends her very best love, thanks you for letters to date and wishes for lots more.

Your affectionate  
brother

Malcolm.

If Mary finds a cook I hope she will let us know as it may determine our plans for going to Milton which are not now settled.



5.

## *European Trip*

Milton  
Jan. 6, '75.

(To Sarah Forbes in London.)

Dear Sarah

My dear old Sally love, what will you say when you hear that Alice is engaged to be married to Mr. Edward Cary?

I wish you could see her and see how happy and how contented she seems, now that it is really settled. But oh at first when she told me I was taken completely off my feet. I just sat down in her lap and gasped for breath and said "Are you sure?" and we both laughed and nearly wept and I felt very shaky.

Malcolm came to the rescue and he was so funny with Alice about it. She had told him just before I came in and then they waited to spring the trap on me. The next morning I flew over as early as I could and then we had a nice long talk together. I felt so settled and differently after it. At first your Mother was quite stirred and thought Alice cold about it and feared she was not sure. But you know that Alice *can't* let out to her, even if she tries, and would be as quiet as she could about this.

Dear old Sally, I should have written before but kept waiting till a nice long time should come and it did not come!

I have worn and worn your grey mousy jacket. Thank you so much for it!

Your loving sister  
Sarah.

Milton

Jan. 24, '75.

Dear Sarah

I have just rushed out to the stable to pay my first visit to our new horse — for Sarah my dear, we have a horse which Malcolm has just been to Geneva to buy. It is a black mare and is one that Mr. Miller (Gat's father) thinks is a very good family horse. She is very kind and gentle and what fun we shall have together! I do miss you very much from the other house and I'm afraid if we met we might call down Aunt Mary's righteous disapproval by going about "interlocked."

Sunday before last, while Mac was in Geneva, Frank Watson and Arthur Silsbee came for Annie and me in the big sleigh with both horses, and off we went for a drive. It was zero weather and so clear and bright and splendid sleighing. The snow was pure white and the road was worn perfectly smooth. We went around Blue Hill and when we reached Houghton's Pond the sun was almost setting. Just the tops of the hills were lit up and all the west was glowing. We found the ice was all right and thereupon turned towards the pond and not only crossed it but took a flying drive all around it. Not a jolt nor a jar but just gliding along like a great bird. It was almost like flying with the sky growing dark behind us.

Winter always brings you to mind, dear old snow bird. Susy and Theo say they cannot see holly and red berries

without thinking of you and a large basket filled with white packages tied with red ribbons.

Not a word have I said about your Aunt Mary's and your Mother's birthday. How lovely your dear Mother looked and Aunt Mary very handsome. Mary Watson had taken the greatest pains about her dress, and her cap was a triumph of art and Mary Watson.

Annie and Frank Watson acted a most lively little play translated from the German by Mary W. They went through it with much spirit, though they had rehearsed scarcely at all and did not know it quite accurately. Annie wore her Paris dark blue silk and velvet coat and my light grey summer bonnet and was rouged a little and did look like such a little beauty that she was greeted with a perfect storm of applause.

Ever since Alice's engagement, either that or something else has enlivened the family and such frisking about! So they *must* have a sleighing party. Your Father sent telegrams all over the country and took the whole thing on his shoulders, and he and your Mother just put it through — and *very* well. We sent for Minnie and lots of people came. There were games and singing and ever so much dancing.

Until next we meet, ever your loving sister

Sarah J. F.

*Siberia*

March 29, 1875.

Dear Annie

Here we are ten days out from Boston but we have had strong head winds and head seas and the vessel is not very fast. We hope to get in by Thursday night. There are

only 4 other passengers, and Malcolm and I are quite by ourselves nearly all the time and I have done a great deal of reading. The Captain has a great many novels which he has kindly put at our disposal and now Malcolm is deep in Macdonald's "Malcolm." There are over 80 in the steerage and ever so many little children, some of them just as cunning as they can be. The Captain is fond of throwing down oranges and nuts to them. The Captain! Oh Annie I can give you no idea of him. He is the strangest man I ever saw — so eccentric that it almost amounts to being crazy. He throws things about and shouts and rattles things and contradicts everyone and threatens to play the hose on you. Malcolm saw him dancing about on deck throwing oranges and pieces of bread and everything. But he is very kind and his conduct makes the voyage lively. With it all he is very bright and funny but just like a child.

One evening we were all sitting in the little saloon. It has windows about the size of car windows, high up, and then a sofa runs below them all round the room. We were sitting there quietly reading and writing — when suddenly the window was flung open and down came the Captain feet first through the opening which was *just* large enough, and landed upon the sofa beneath. I saw him coming but others were very much startled by the sudden apparition. The wind came in and just as one of the lamps blew out he disappeared out of the window in the same way. Then he ran all round the saloon rapping on the windows and making grimaces and shaking them as if he were going to jump in at each one.

He said to us the other day, "When you came on board I thought, Oh so proud — so proud. I never saw such pride



in all my life! Well I can be proud as well. And I thought what a horrid voyage we shall have with those proud proud people on board. For mind I hadn't found you out then and Malcolm — Oh I thought Malcolm was like this" (drawing himself up and throwing his chin up and looking comically like Mac). He makes me think of the crazy man in *Nicholas Nickleby* but I believe he is a very good officer. His brother had the *Great Eastern*.

When we started it was in the midst of a thick snowstorm and we immediately began to roll and pitch. "Lively," Malcolm called it but I'm sure neither of us felt so. We scarcely slept all night and ached from tossing about. When I was sick I remembered you telling me about toast wet with hot water and salt. I could always eat that until I gradually worked up to Champagne and then solids.

Now dear old Annie, if we should not come back you are to have the travelling clock, but we hope to keep it first for a great many years. I should like to have Alice have our piano — but it is no use planning. We left everything without a single direction which we both meant to give.

Good news! The Captain says, "The wind is coming around fair and it is raining like thunder and there is a ship in sight. Oh la-la-la-la Oh fa-fa-fa-fa!" Malcolm has gone up on deck to see how much is true. Now the Captain is throwing things and making a dreadful noise.

Just think how soon we shall see dear old Sally-love.

Ever your loving  
Sarah.

London  
Ap. 13. '75

Dear Minnie

We hope to have letters from you tonight and it seems provoking to write before they come but I must send a line to say that we are very well and having such a good time. I wonder if Paris can be half as delightful as London! Tonight, if we can get tickets, we shall at last go to see Sothern in David Garrick. It is the Haymarket Theatre.

Oh Minnie Minnie there is so much to see and each thing seems more delightful as it comes. I have been down into the City twice now. Such swarms and swarms of poor people we saw on Sunday. I have been by "that part of Holborn christened High" and saw the Irish — but not the pigs. I believe this part of London is much improved from what it once was and is much safer to go about in. We were in a hansom. It was on our way up from the Temple where we had been to church in the dear little church with lovely Norman arches and windows, and monuments of Crusaders on the floor. There they lay grim and gaunt on the cold stone pavement with the light falling upon them from the windows of the round tower which rises above them. The pillars which support the roof and arches are all of dark grey marble beautifully polished and on the ceiling, painted in dim red, are lambs on one side and on the other winged horses.

The music was perfectly beautiful — a choir of little boys with the most lovely soprano voices and much of the service was sung. It was so quiet and solemn and then the children's voices came soaring out. Sitting there and hearing the sing-

ing was like a dream but we were brought to ourselves again by a most disagreeable sermon which we had to listen to.

After church was over Malcolm and I went all about in the grounds by ourselves and even penetrated into the inner Temple and into the most charming room I ever saw. The old dining hall has dark oak timbers and long rows of tables, all dark and polished, and pictures and armorial bearings all along the sides. The windows are high up — above.

Did I tell you how *very* much I liked the only pictures of Sir Joshua's that I have seen? We saw several at the Kensington and there, too, we saw (Malcolm and I) Raphael's Cartoons. Oh such dear little boy's figures in one, and another one of pulling up the nets.

I wish you could hear the noise and rattle as I write and the mistakes would not surprise you so much. Such countless numbers of carriages as constantly go rolling by in London — it is like a mighty roar. Everyone goes driving out in the Park. Whatever the weather you see streams and streams of carriages and such strong handsome horses. And all night long the noise of wheels never seems to stop, though ours is a quiet street.

Always your loving  
S. J. F.

I thought of you yesterday, your birthday, and wondered what you were doing and where. I think so much of you all at home when I see things. Mary would be wild over the shops! I *never* saw anything *half* like it! Oh the China!

London

Apr. 21, '75

Dear Annie

Tomorrow we leave this dearly beloved place. Such a clearing up and packing away as there has been today. Poor Sarah of course hates it so much that I think the thought tires her equally with the doing.

I can never tell you how much we have enjoyed London. I don't believe there is anything anywhere quite like this immense great bustling quiet dreamy old city, for it seems to me that it is all of these things and many more! — different as they are.

Did you know that Sarah has had some crayons done from the children's pictures to surprise Edith and Molly with? They are really beautiful and so like the children. Little Mary has the most lovely look. In the picture of Cam and Don he has lowered Don's head a little so that they may not be on a level and it is a great improvement. They are very sketchy and light and just the right size. It is just like Sarah to think of and do a great big splendid thing like that.

Dear old Sally, we have had such fun together and when we start tomorrow to see new things it is going to be jolly! It quite makes me "quirk" to think of it. It's a nice feeling and a little queery too and Malcolm has them as much as I do and I rejoice in his weakmindedness, and oh we have such fun together.

I wonder if you heard much about the Concord celebration on the 19th. I suppose there was a great excitement in the Emerson family. Edith wrote me that she and Will were reading part of Bancroft's history in preparation and



were much interested!! I hope they both were! — that's mean — consider it unsaid.

Oh Annie, we have got our wedding present for Alice! A desk — an old-fashioned one with lots and lots of drawers and room in it. Aunt Mary fell in love with it. I *do* hope Alice will like it.

Tomorrow Dover and then Paris. No plans further than that.

Your loving  
Sarah.

(The desk is now owned by H. S. F.)

Lucerne  
May 21, 1875.

Dear Annie

Yesterday afternoon we had a regular jubilee — a tremendous great packet of letters sent on from Paris and such lots of news and engagements! My dear, my dear — how things are climaxing! I happened to open Zaidee's note first, so heard it from her, and Malcolm had a note from Fred. I was taken completely by surprise by Mary Slocum's engagement and hope he is worthy of such a thoroughly good girl. And what a sister he will have! I never saw anybody like Helen.

Well Annette Anita, I'm glad that I can feel sure of your not being engaged while we are gone. Engagements are always stirring but when one is away — awful.

Helen and I had such fun in Paris going about in a little open carriage — and I have got your little lace cap! Paris is fascinating! I saw a *great* deal there and we had a very gay time. You can imagine Sarah's supreme contempt!

It is perfectly lovely here at Lucerne and today the others have crossed the lake on an excursion up to the Devil's Bridge on the St. Gothard. Malcolm is lying on the sofa resting his knee and bearing me company. He does not like to try any expeditions just now as he still has water on the knee. We are having a very cozy time in our little parlor with windows opening onto the balcony from which we look at lake and mountains over the tops of pink horse-chestnut trees. We dine upstairs at our little table and it is delightful to have a little time to think and talk it all over.

In Florence the air was so soft and sweet with the countless roses and honeysuckle blooming everywhere and the beautiful colors on the hills and the intense blue sky. It was like fairyland and oh how Malcolm and I enjoyed it. Just we two all by ourselves driving over those wonderful Alps and then going down through that lovely garden land to Florence — and Florence itself! But it was a tremendous change for, in going over the Simplon a few days before, the snow was eight feet high on either side of the road.

Malcolm and I had such fun talking French etc. I can talk a little better than he but somehow he makes them understand much better than I and we always get what we want.

Oh Annie, I hope you will be at Alice's wedding. I can't realize we shall miss it. However, much as I want to go, I'm glad we're not going on Sarah's account. But do write everything you can scrape up and think of about it!

Your letters are so nice!

Ever your loving  
Sarah.

Edinburgh

June 23, 1875.

Dear Mary

It is just perfect here and there is so much to see. I always knew I had very little knowledge of a definite kind but I never knew how little before. All the English kings and queens go dancing through my head but I don't seem to know one from the other — and all the Scotch kings too. I can hardly tell whether Darnley killed Rizzio or Rizzio killed Darnley. Sarah is primed and ready but I know very little and a question drives me frantic. Even Sarah has been staggered once or twice by a voluble guide but it all sounds so marvelous to me that I swallow it — or don't listen. But the places themselves are delightful to see and as if they were the same as a hundred years ago when all these dreadful things went on.

I enjoyed going to Holyrood Palace *very* much. It seems like stepping into an old story book and makes you realize that the old pictures *had* once been living people, more than anything I've seen yet, and the rooms untouched, just as they used to be so long ago.

Papa would be delighted with the street cars here. They are large and more like omnibusses and go like the wind, tearing down the street. But oh I miss the hansom cabs. You can always find them and just skip in with no trouble and go “quietly” off anywhere you like. They go so fast too and you can see everything just as if you were walking. Shopping in them was such fun.

Oh Mary, this trip has been just simply perfect. “A *very* successful trip” as Malcolm calls it.

Now Mary, when we get home you must come up and

meet us. I shall be crazy to see you all and shall not want to wait and I want you all to come, Papa and you and E. and M. and then come right out to Milton with us and spend the night, for I must see you and can't wait.

Ever so much love to all

Aff'ly

Sarah.

Skye.

July 5, '75

Dear Minnie

We feel sure that *now* we have reached the most charming spot of all and we all wish that we could stay here longer, but today it is so misty and "lifting and lowering" that it seems better not to stay. So instead we shall go directly on to Inverness by boat and rail and we shall probably find it clearer on the mainland. This is a misty little place. Indeed it might well be called *rainy*, for a gentleman told us that at Sligackan in the middle of the Island the average rainfall is more than 12 ft! while Sarah said that in America — I mean in Milton and Boston — ours is about 25 inches! Only think of that!

Yesterday in the morning, Malcolm and I climbed up a hill where we had a most beautiful view. In the afternoon we had little light mists scudding about but blue sky between, and oh so cool and such a fresh wind. We are all getting very brown and burned, in spite of the little sun.

Day before yesterday was the pleasantest we have had in Scotland — or in England either. A strong N.W. breeze and perfectly clear. I never saw anything more beautiful than the whole day's sail from Oban to Skye, and Skye as we



approached it stood out so clear and distinct with its rugged outline against the lovely blue sky. I shall never forget it — or the expedition we made after reaching Skye and landing at Broadford, a tiny little village nestled down on the shore of the loch with beautiful hills all around it. We took a wagonette, an open wagon which holds four on each side, the seats as in an omnibus, and a seat in front for the driver and one other person. The road was very good and we had a pair of strong horses, so on we went over the island and at last came to a little bay or loch where we took a boat and were rowed out a long long way to a most wonderful cave. We first rowed in between two cliffs — great walls of rock towering up above our heads — way, way in before we could land on a little pebbly beach between the cliffs. Then we walked on, still between them, till they arched overhead, forming a complete little outer chamber or vestibule to the real cave which ran way in to the interior of the rocks. The light grew very dim and at last there was no light at all, except the candles which we carried. Water was dripping everywhere. We could hear it splash splash and our voices resounded all over the cave whenever we spoke. Still we went on and on picking our way by the dim light the candles gave, over great rocks and pools of water and the roughest possible places. But as our eyes grew more used to the darkness we could see the sides of the cave which grew more and more perfect as we went on. At last we came to a place where it seemed as if we must stop, for the floor of the cave suddenly began to go up a steep ascent as far as we could see. Just a solid rock with little streams of water trickling over it and only now and then indentations where you could get a foothold. We stopped

a moment for breath and then went on — *how*, I don't know, scrambling and pulling ourselves along by the sides of the cave and clutching at *anything* we could. We scrambled up for about 20 or 30 feet and found ourselves on a little ridge from which the cave descended as rapidly on the other side into a deep pool of water. Malcolm scrambled down to the edge of that but we contented ourselves with seeing it by the light of the boatmen's candles.

The cave was formed in columns on the sides, and above us was a sort of dome with stalactites hanging from the ceiling. It looked like some beautiful cathedral. It was all formed of glittering white transparent spar. In one place there was a little niche and in it the man put a candle so that it was entirely hidden but the light shone through the solid rock, just as if it had been made of porcelain, giving the most lovely soft color. Helen and Aunt Mary did not venture up but saw part of it below by the light of our candles. Coming down was even harder, with the boatmen shouting to us, and sliding, slipping and scrambling, but we arrived safely. The man cheered us by telling us of the ladies he had seen slide from top to bottom before they were caught. It certainly was quite exciting. Luckily Sarah and I were all covered up by waterproofs.

We are on the steamer now, going to Strone where we take the train for Inverness and tomorrow we go down the railroad through the pass of Killiecrankie and Perthshire to Glasgow. Only think what a little time before we sail — a week tomorrow.

A great deal of love to Papa, Mary, Emma and yourself.

Always your loving  
Sarah.

6.

## *Life at Milton and Naushon*

Milton

Sept. 24, '76

Dear Edith

I have taken a large sheet of paper and shall imagine myself seated upon the foot of your bed talking. I hope you are spending a good deal of time on that same bed taking one of Malcolm's "solid rests" after your trip to Milton. I really hoped to prevail on you to stay on with us and take things more easily.

So much was done in our stay at New Bedford that I feel that it was much more than a week since we left Naushon. Emma and Minnie are established in high state at the little cottage on the Farm at South Dartmouth with an ample colored woman as cook. They and their guests take tender care of the dear old house — it is 110 years old now — or more — and combines the advantages of a house and a ship. Everything looked more trig and taut and shipshape than ever and the row of little bedrooms which open off the *parlor* are just like staterooms. From want of closets etc. they use seabags and hanging pincushions which strengthens the feeling that it is not quite safe to put down your work without something to prop it when she goes on the other tack.

One evening Annie gave a delightful old-fashioned tea-party. She asked Lily and Henry Stone and Zaidee and Fred Swift and all of us who used to go to school and

dancing school and finally parties together. So many of us had not met for a long time. We talked and talked and then played games and talked again.

Today we had a long drive in the afternoon. We took Georgy Watson and Eliot Perkins for a short drive first, to their utter content. They both hummed away to themselves like little teakettles on the hob. I wonder why children like to do that.

*Heaps* of love to the dear children and please let me know when Ralph and Edie are to come to the Miss Wares. I can meet them if they come via Quincy.

Oh Edith how I did enjoy the visit with you all. Some day I hope you will let us take you in if you ever need a rest — tho' I'm afraid you would not consent on that score.

Affectionately yours  
Sarah J. Forbes.

Milton  
Oct. 3, 1876

Dear Mrs. Forbes

I am sorry I did not write before to tell you how we are getting on but will try to write oftener now.

Dr. Holmes vaccinated the baby (Margaret) Wednesday — in two places on her arm. He used the vaccine from a heifer and it seems to be taking very well.

Yesterday was the most lovely day and Malcolm wanted me to see Smuggler trot in the last race he is to enter this year. So I went in town and met him and we went out to Mystic Park near Medford. We had seats next to the Russells.



Miss Amelia Russell went in town in the same train with me and said how much she wished to see the race, where-upon I asked her to join us. After thinking it over she exclaimed "I'll go!" So she went with us and Harry took her home in his Four-in-hand. Today she is quite triumphing over Miss Rose and the others.

It was a very interesting race and I was glad to see it. Smuggler seemed to go on so easily with his long strides and it looked rather as if the ground were flying off behind him than as if *he* were flying. He went by the other horse, which was doing its utmost, with such ease that it seemed as if, with a little effort, he could do twice as much.

When we reached home I found the baby wide awake and cooing with delight at seeing me.

Very affly  
Sarah.

Naushon  
Oct. 13, 1877

Dear Mary

We had the most tremendous easterly storm yesterday and last night, and I have been thinking of you all in New Bedford and wondering how severe it was there. The woods are strewn with leaves and branches and fallen trees. Great oaks and beeches have gone crashing down everywhere. One of the chimneys blew down, one or two window sashes had to be fastened by nails to prevent them from coming in, and some of the blinds were blown away. I suppose it was more violent here than in New Bedford but I feel quite anxious to hear the accounts from there and from Milton too.

Miss Harriet Ware came in the morning and had a very stormy time getting across the Hole. They had fair wind and tide and came across in 20 minutes but it was tremendous.

I wish that we could come up tomorrow but think it is best not. I wish we could spend our wedding day at home.

Very much love to you all

from

Sarah.

Whenever I think of our wedding day Mary, I think of you and how lovely you were and how much you did and thought for me then. I think I appreciate it even *more* than I did then — all your love and interest.

Milton

Jan. 13, 1878

(After death of baby Malcolm.)

Dear Mary

How we shall miss Minnie. She has been so great a comfort, these past days more than ever.

Oh Mary we have given up our Baby but I feel thankful for every hour we have had him. He has left us what we can never lose — he will always be our baby until we have him again. When death came, it seemed to me that death was very near to life and such an easy step to take!

Always lovingly

Sarah.

Milton

June 28, 1878

Dear Sarah

You will perhaps have seen in the paper that Malcolm won the race yesterday. The boat (*White Cap*) went beautifully. They had a light wind at first and carried big club gaff topsail but later it blew stronger and they had a fine run, beating the *Shadow* so well at first that she saw there was no chance and retired before the race was over. Malcolm had a good crew and a very pleasant and successful day.

Harriet Naudain and Minnie went with Edward Cary, Will Forbes, Molly Russell, Annie Anthony, and Nat Stone on the Steamer and thoroughly enjoyed it. Harriet has laughed a great deal about a lady on the Steamer who suddenly, in one of the pauses, pulled out a large piece of crocheting and began to work vigorously. "I suppose *that* is *Boston*" Harriet said. She is always laughing at us here for being highly *moral*, *instructive* and *artistic* which she says "is true Boston manners!!!"

Today Minnie, Harriet and I went over the Art Museum which we *did* thoroughly. I was very glad to see it, having never been inside before and Harriet especially enjoys anything of the kind. Then we went out to Cambridge by horse cars and after calling on Cousin Mary Anne Webster, drove home to Milton. It was a most beautiful drive. Harriet had to own that Boston suburbs do outshine New York.

Well Sarihna dear, I hope you and Helen (Slocum) will make a great many sketches and I wonder which of your

stock of instructive and philosophical novels you will begin first!

It is getting late so I must stop.

Affectionately  
Sarah.

Milton  
August. 16, '78

My dear Edith

We parted from your Father (R. W. E.) at the Old Colony Depot yesterday — Malcolm going with him up to Sears Building and hoping to induce him to take lunch with him or Will, but he was unsuccessful and could only satisfy himself with giving directions to the hackman as to checking the trunk etc.

We went out in the East Milton train and found Joe and Fanny (the horse) waiting for us. Margaret hailed him with great glee from the car window and as we drove over Milton Hill she kept smiling and saying in a very low voice “Joe came and Manny Miller came and the depot wag-ging came,” and presently: “*dear* Joe! *dear* Manny Miller!” When we turned in at the Cottage her joy was almost too great, but I heard a very low murmur “my *own* home, 'ittle Muggy's home” and then in a loud cheerful voice “I can go up my own steps my own self!”

I have missed you all very much indeed. Those dear children grow sweeter and more lovable every year — certainly I love them more — and have been so glad to see them as I did this year.

Malcolm and I were saying just now how greatly it added





S. J. F.'S HOME AFTER HER MARRIAGE  
"The Cottage," 240 Adams St., Milton



to our visit to be there with your Father. I wish he could know the respect and admiration we all have for him and the pleasure it is to be in his genial kindly presence. Thank you Edith dear for making our visit such a beautiful one — dear Naushon.

I saw Alice Ware and her baby. He is such a handsome boy — so full of life and health.

With love to you all from Malcolm and Margaret and me.

Always affectionately

Sarah J. Forbes.

Give my love to Annie and Edward (Emerson) and congratulations on being in that delicious green room over mirror pond or whatsoever euphonious title that lovely sheep pond delights in. In the morning that little patch of water reflects everything most faithfully — just like a piece of the clearest glass. I think that room is the very pleasantest and I hope its next inmates will enjoy it as much as I did.

Milton

March 23, 1880.

(After death of Edward C. Jones.)

Dear Sarah

I had a short note from Minnie and was glad to hear that she and Mary had both had a good night. That has been their great difficulty lately, for they had grown so used to being up in the night while Papa was ill that they seemed to have lost the habit of sleeping. The night nurse, Captain Crocker (an old sea-captain), was as responsible and reliable as possible. Malcolm of course took to him at once and



they had long talks together on all nautical subjects. When I was staying in New Bedford I used to go and listen outside Papa's door to hear how all was going on and I would hear Papa and the Captain talking away, in the middle of the night, about ships and whaling and all the old Captains.

When I went down this last time Mary told him I had come and he wanted to see me. He called me by name and his face lighted up and he asked me what train I had come down by.

Tomorrow we are going down for a day or two and taking little "Muggins" as Malcolm will persist in calling Margaret. Indeed she considers it "Papa's" property.

I have been reading "Quits" in odd moments so you see I am rather hard up for anything new. I know you have not my taste for horrors so I suppose you would turn up your nose at "The Leavenworth Case." It was great fun reading it with Mrs. Anthony, who took every word for gospel truth and was shocked and horrified in all the proper places!

Goodbye — dear one

Always affectionately

Sarah

Santa Barbara

May 29, 1881.

Dear Sarah

I wish you could see this beautiful place, mountains and sea and beautiful flowers too. The air seems much like Naushon on a cool summer day. Margaret wears her little flannel sailor suit and then can play out without a jacket.

Your Father goes galloping about attended by numberless



bearded nondescripts and horses for sale — talking scraps of Spanish and English to them, trying horses and looking at houselots and otherwise waking things up and enjoying himself. I can't tell you how delightful it has been having him here through the illnesses. He is a thorough comfort if anyone ever was.

It is delightful to see both the children looking so blooming again. Gerrit is now in short dresses which is far more comfortable for him. Your Father thinks he looks more like Minnie than ever. He is a dear sweet little bird, and as for Margaret, even *Don* could not have been sweeter or more patient than she was while she was ill. She knew I was busy and took a great deal of care of herself, lying all alone in bed singing away or reciting things to herself softly. Really she was much easier than Polly (the nurse) to take care of and far less of a child.

Your Father has started Mary up to riding and she gets on very well. She and Minnie come down here a good deal. We go driving together and I am just taking up riding again. Our China-man is a *very* good cook and everything goes like clockwork.

This cannot go until tomorrow and very soon we shall follow it. Good night.

Lovingly  
Sarah.

Naushon

Aug. 7. 1881

Dear Annie

How I wish that you were here. The children arrived safely yesterday and all had had such a nice time. So I think your whole spree was most successful. I was so provoked

that I did not stop to talk with you a moment and hear about the race and all, but the carriage man told me the boat went at 4.20 instead of 4.30 as I had counted on and after all I found it was only his stupid way of getting us down before the train came in.

We had quite an adventurous time getting here. They feared they could not land us (at Uncatena) as there was heavy fog outside, and soon we ran into it and it *was* thick. We came upon some of the yachts and had to feel our way slowly in the dark and there was no question of landing at the Island. Julia and Mrs. Sutherland were both on board and we hoped to find a boat at Woods Holl. When we stepped off the steamer whom should we see in the driving mist but Mrs. Forbes and Harry Russell! They had come over in persuit of science! to see Prof. Baird, and so we were able to go over with them in two loads to Nonamesset. There was no time to lose if we were all to get across and so we wrapped up as best we could and then sent back our wraps for the second load, borrowed others of Mrs. Sawtelle and were driven up in the one wagon to the Mansion House. There we waited till Edith came with the second load. We dried our wet things and Gerrit got no cold.

All goes smoothly. I feel greatly rested by an excellent night and oh Annie dear how I wish you were here. Mrs. Forbes of course at once took me over the whole house and I was glad to see it first by a dim light in which many things looked pleasant, particularly the new dining room. The freshness and cleanness of the new part is certainly pleasant.

Edith is reading to all the children. Margaret is so happy

to be here and the boys are just as kind and nice as they always are to her. Sarah walked over here yesterday and looked very bright. I think no one else is at the Mansion House except Rose Dabney and Mary and Harry Russell and family.

Always lovingly  
Sarah.

Milton

Jan. 19, 1882

My dear Sarah

I am at last seated to write to you and after such a *long* silence that I feel just crowded with things to say. --- If Will's family keep as well as they now are, I can't help wishing he might go out to visit you. He does miss his Father *so* much, it seems to me, and a little spree like that is such a great enjoyment that, much as I know Edith would miss him, I think he would bring back enough life and snap to make up.

I do agree with Alice that it is not a good idea generally for people to think they can constantly shift cares and ease themselves in all ways and have their fun apart. But I think it seems to be peculiarly in Will's case the state of a person who is constantly giving out and upon whom they all not only lean, but depend for their fun, and when he feels dull and dispirited the household feels it more than most households. So I think a little fillip to him does untold good to all and he is so loyal and loving that his heart is always right. It is only that he is so constituted that his head part and spirits sometimes do get tired. And so I think that absence

with him often works to bring him nearer all at home and not a bit to draw him apart, which I think it decidedly does many people. - - - Of course your Mother has told you of my writing her about our hopes for May — though of course you knew and I knew that you knew — and you knew that I knew that you knew — long ago.

Always your loving sister  
S. J. F.

The “Hopes for May” turned out to be H. S. F.

Naushon  
Sept. 24, '82

Dear Will,

Your letter of the 14th is received and very welcome. It settled the question of the identity of “Lava” as being a post-office and not a person, which Ralph’s fertile mind immediately “surmised it *might* be.”

Sarah hears of your family in Concord and the successful birthday celebration. I am glad Edith could be there. All the children seemed very well and I hope Edward has long since forgotten the seven reasons why he did not wish to leave Naushon. We miss them greatly. A large slice of Naushon seems gone, with you all away.

Jim and Ralph go up tomorrow. They have been doing some sailing and Ralph seemed to enjoy last week’s hunt greatly. Just now he is greatly waked up on the subject of poachers. Much firing has been heard for several days in the late P.M. And yesterday, on hearing shots at dusk, your Mother sent George down towards First Bridge. He drove so noisily as to give them the alarm and only



arrived in time to see two men take to their boat. He came up to report and Jim started with him for Nonamesset.

The hunt was a quiet one. Jim killed two bucks, Malcolm two and Henry Stone one. Uncle Bennet lost his buck. He had a sharp attack of vertigo coming on directly after firing. Murray saw him fall and ran to him. He revived and Murray drove him home but on going into the parlor he fell heavily upon the sofa and your Mother was much alarmed. His pulse went very low but gradually improved though he had much suffering and these sharp attacks or spasms until late in the evening, when he became better and next morning went in the early boat with Murray. In the midst of it all he kept talking of the deer and wishing he had got it.

This morning Malcolm was out in the *Lapwing* with Mr. Burgess but in spite of their combined efforts they cannot get a high point of speed out of her. She was honestly beaten by the *White Cap*. They have been experimenting with ballast and less after sail.

I must tell you of a dry remark of Ralph's at dinner. Mr. Burgess spoke of the superiority of the *Lapwing* over the *White Cap*, in the fact that you did not have to hold onto the main sheet all the time. "The difference seems to be," said Ralph, "that in the *White Cap* you hold onto the main-sheet, and in the *Lapwing* to the weather rail, most of the time."

We have had a charming visit from Henry and Lily Stone and small Malcolm. They start west tomorrow.

Affectionately

S. J. F.

New Bedford

Oct. 23, 1882

Dear Mrs. Forbes

It seems a long time since we sailed out into the fog from Naushon. I was glad that Dr. Cabot got a buck, they seem as plenty as squirrels.

You will be glad to hear how well the baby (HSF) is doing. He fretted at night at first but looks and seems perfectly well.

Aunt Mary Watson was very much interested at discovering on a farm near Mishaum the home of your grandmother before she was married. The Smith family still live in it, being the 6th generation or more. They showed her the records of its being in the family since 1692 — I think. They have the whole list of the family and all the grants of land. Aunt Mary was much pleased with the people themselves and amused at the coincidence.

We were surprised and delighted today by the arrival of Cousin Roxie Dabney! Seventeen days only from Fayal, in the *Sarah*. It is very pleasant to hear her talking in the next room and I must go in and see her.

I wanted to tell you of the baby and what a pleasant visit we are having with them here.

Affectionately

Sarah.

Naushon

Aug. 11, 1884

Dear Alice

All your letters are *nice*, but the last one from Heidelberg seemed just like a coze in your own little red parlor. You

have the art of bridging over distance more than anyone I know — with your love and warm interest.

I must try to tell you all the details I can, to show you that everything is going on very smoothly again. In the first place your Mother seems all right and is *very* full of spirits and fun. You should have seen her hold up her dress and pirouette on one foot laughing and blushing as she told Cousin Bessie of her mistake about Senator Bayard whom she took for a Baird and brother of the Professor. On his being presented to her by Mr. Edward Atkinson, who had sailed him over from Mattapoisett, and his thereupon remarking that he was very anxious to see Mr. Forbes and get his opinion upon the political situation, she had answered by a vehement denunciation of the whole democratic party from top to toe, blissfully unconscious that she was addressing her remarks to Cleveland's *democratic* rival as Presidential nominee for the party!

She was really quite overcome — partly with horror and partly with merriment when she told Cousin Bessie and me, but when Sarah came in and, on hearing of the faux pas, let it strike visibly and *audibly* to her innermost soul (and possibly her stomach by the groans of pain she gave forth) it turned entirely into merriment and gaiety on your Mother's part and she friskily danced off all care and mortification on such a trivial subject. But I saw that it put her on her metal and she was on the watch when they returned from a drive with your Father, to capture them all and insist on their dining (which they did in spite of other engagements!). She had Mr. Bayard at her right hand, talking to him most graciously all through dinner so that I think he and his son-in-law Mr. Sam Warren and Mr. Atkinson all went

off with a pleasant impression of a very lively meal — in spite of Sarah's groans at our numbers (your Father had happened to ask us all, far and near, before these visitors came) and it being a corned beef day. But there was a delicious hash too and plenty of nice vegetables and the pudding was a success! as well as the whole affair—I thought.

Your Father seems especially bright and happy for some time now. He has been very kind and helpful to me while Malcolm has been away on his cruise on the *Harbinger*, helping me with my guests and generally making me feel looked out for and taken care of as only he can, which he always delights in doing; sending notes down with all sorts of plans and news of the fleet etc. at all sorts of unexpected and early hours, and making elaborate arrangements for signalling with flags etc. in case he should want Henry Cook to run the launch — in case he does something else with the Capt. etc. etc. Now he is quite happy planning about *Azalea* for Mr. Warren Delano, whom he wishes to have the boat at Fairhaven for a time. Both your Cousin Katy and Cousin Warren are as brave as they can be about Laura's death but they feel stunned by it and they must interest themselves in outside things.

I hope you will be able to carry out your plans. Really the worst of your going is broken, now that the summer is waning and we can say — “In the spring Alice will come and another summer will see her at the Island.” I am sure your Mother feels so by the way she speaks of it. She has not been really anxious about the cholera for you, only on the *qui vive*.

The last few weeks Malcolm has been off on the *Harbinger* having a most successful cruise. Now she is anchored



off our wharf and tomorrow we are proposing to go in her to meet the fleet in its race out into the bay from Newport. Malcolm and his Father both like her and she proves to be quite fast too — beating the *Clio* and several boats of her class. Will has gone off in the *Hesper* and will probably enter tomorrow's race.

Our Harry is a darling with his big eyes and he is a sturdy boy — stumping about everywhere after Gerrit. He talks almost as much and as plainly as Gatty now.

Edith has another importation from Sarah Cole this year who is just the size Willy was last year and shares the same duties from belaboring and managing the wilful Donald with the children in the paniers, to copying extracts from the Bible and blackberrying — equally handy at each.

I am going to take Margaret to Litchfield on Saturday to see Emma. Lily Stone is going to make the journey with me and Malcolm is going to be with the chicks here.

Tell Edward Cary I laughed till I ached over his graphic letter from Switzerland and read it to the Mansion House who felt that allowing his clothes to be siezed rough dry from the blanchisseuse was the very last pass to which conjugal devotion could bring one, and he was admired for his virtue by one and all!

Well dear, again I must try to stop. Here sits Malcolm by me and has never written to you once since you went away. I think it is a shame, for he often speaks of it and is just *lazy*, that is it.

Affectionately  
Sarah.

7.

## *A Growing Family*

Milton

March 22d. (1885)

(Scarlet fever.)

My dearest Alice

Here we are, Malcolm and I, settled at your Mother's, who has of course opened her house and everything else to take us in. Well — I hope your Mother won't get worn out with it all. I am glad to see her sleeping quietly on the sofa. She got pretty tired when your Father had his gout and she was awake so much and then tired her back over the fires and waiting on him. When Annie Anthony came it was a great relief and comfort, but your Mother has hardly seemed entirely rested yet and now all this has come. However the children are doing so well that we are all tranquil about them and most thankful. Their rooms in the Cottage are sunny and airy and very comfortable. We still keep them and their nurses ("Mi-anna" and Mrs. Mansfield) completely shut off from the rest of the house — using temporary stairs up to my dressing room window for an entrance for nurses and doctor.

Mary has gone down to New Bedford to spend Sunday. Minnie is superintending all and Mary will return later. They are not going in and out of the children's rooms as long as all goes on well (until the most contagious time is past) for with three children feeling thoroughly wretched it seems as if Mary and Minnie *might* take it themselves,

which I would not have them do for anything, just now especially with their pleasant journey in prospect. Your letter to Minnie was delightful and told them exactly what they wanted to know.

Oh Alice how I long to see you again! Well, if all goes well it will not be very many weeks now. Your Mother is counting them, I can see that. I could see how she missed you when she was confined by your Father's gout and Sarah was in town and she had no one to go frisking about and bring her news. And when she *did* get Annie she clung to her so and really made the dear child stay. She consented to stay at home and be taken care of and let Annie do the running about to inquire after Cam's cold and Sarah and *me* and all the various ailing members!

Malcolm and I are established in Sarah's room and Mrs. Turlin is ready and waiting for the new baby. I ought not to be keeping about more than a week longer.

Last night was Mrs. Merriam's "old times" afternoon tea — where (Annie Ladd said) all the elderlies were disporting themselves like lambs. It seemed very successful from your Mother's account. She wore no attempt at a costume, merely her dark Mandarin silk and a white lace scarf caught with some beautiful bright pink roses, but she looked very handsome. Your Father entered into the spirit of it and looked *very* nice in an embroidered white silk waistcoat and silk faced coat with grand buttons which he unearthed from his possessions. He seemed very bright and led the Virginia reel with Mrs. Merriam. Annie Ladd and Adelaide came up to show me their dresses, both very effective pretty ones, and with their hair arranged high upon their heads. They were a *very* handsome mother and daughter.

I sent you some little pictures of the boys taken on their sleds which were very good of them — as they looked all this winter. But now alas not so good of the little fellows after they have been shut up so long. It is a horrid disease, no matter in how light a form it comes.

Mrs. Mansfield looks very bright and cheerful as I see her through the window and her poor husband is evidently at a discount beside scarlet fever. I had at last made up my mind that I *must* let Mary Anne go, and the new nurse (whom Mary had found) was all engaged to come the very Saturday after the children were taken ill. But of course all that is broken off now and dear old Mary Anne is *beaming* and apparently established indefinitely with us again.

Mrs. Mansfield says “Margaret is just as patient as she can be, she behaves like a real little lady.” Often when I look in at the window, before they see me, I see her lying on the bed with a boy leaning against her on each side, their three heads close together, watching her cut out paper dolls or houses. All perfectly silent and contented. But when I think of three children cooped up together so for three weeks and pretty sick and uncomfortable at first, I wonder at their goodness and serenity.

The loveliest violets and pansies and daisies have just been brought in from the cold frames but out of doors it is bleak and wintry and no sign of any spring.

Much love to you all, dear. When your sailing day is fairly settled, how near it will seem and oh how good.

Lovingly Sarah.

Malcolm is much interested in the new 80 ft. sloop (*Puritan*) building in Boston from Ned Burgess' model to contest with



Bennet's iron sloop *Priscilla* (now building) for the right to sail against the English challengers for the Queen's Cup, the *Genesta* and *Galatea*, who are coming over to race in August.

Milton Hill

Apr. 26, 1885

Dear Emma

We have at last decided on the baby's name and I hope you will like it. We have named him for Malcolm's Mother's Father. As I get used to Stephen it has a very simple dignified sound which I like. Mrs. Forbes has the happiest and pleasantest remembrance of her Father. She was about ten years old when he died and has talked to me so much of him and so lovingly that I felt sure that it would be a pleasure to her. And I felt that I should like this grandson, who had been born in her house and for whom she had done so much, to be named for her side of the house, as none of the grandchildren yet have been. Malcolm at first felt unused to the name, but knowing how much I wished this and feeling he should like to please us both he decided he would rather name him so.

I always feel sorry that we cannot have Papa's name. Minnie and I talked it over, and "Jones Forbes" really sounded like a burlesque and, as Minnie said, calling a child "Jones" was almost like naming him "Boy." If the name were not already identified with little Edward how I should have liked to name a boy for Papa.

Doesn't it seem too good to be true that we are safely through scarlet fever and all — and have this dear baby with

us. He seems so *very* well and vigorous and as if he were going to be very good tempered — if a large dimple in one cheek is any sign.

Your scrap album is the most gorgeous I ever saw. I could not help laughing over the maxims, for one of them brought to mind old times very vividly — the one about counting when angry. I am sure that you used to quote it to me about the same time that you printed “Sarah remember ” with the golden rule on the other side of the card.

If I write little now you will know I am very busy having Edith’s two younger children with us. I am very fond of them and it is just a pleasure to have them. They are as good as they can be and get on so well with ours that it is no trouble at all.

Your loving sister

S. J. F.

Naushon, Woods Holl P. O.

Nov. 2, 1885.

Dear Emma

We are having a real blow here today, but it is already dying out and is a very soft-feeling southeast wind, so in spite of its force I don’t find it so tremendous as some of our autumn storms.

I think the children will be enchanted with a music box. I don’t think Gerrit or Harry ever heard or saw one and I am so glad you have got one for them.

I had a message from Edith which I wanted to remember to give you. She asked me to tell you how much pleasure



S. J. F. WITH HER CHILDREN  
MARGARET, GERRIT AND HARRY — 1883



S. J. F. (ON RIGHT) AND EDITH FORBES (WEBSTER)  
YACHTING COSTUMES OF 1889



the little wagon you sent to Alexander had given him. They are inseparable and whenever she hears the squeak of its wheels she knows that Alexander is perfectly contented and happy. He is a dear little child and I think Aunt Fanny could better apply the word "cherub" to him than to our two stirring boys.

Our plan is to move up on Thursday. Dearest love to you

from

Sarah.

Stephen Hathaway Forbes, my brother, died on November 15th. 1885. A few days earlier our family had left Naushon for Milton via New Bedford, where we stayed at Grandma Jones' house. Both Stephen and I became suddenly ill with a severe gastro-intestinal attack. He lived only a few days.

My only memory of Stephen is a delightful one. Coming into his room—an east bedroom at Uncatena overlooking the harbor—the sunlight was streaming in and Baby Stephen lay on his back tossing arms and legs in the air, cooing and smiling.

H. S. F.

Milton Hill

December 24th. 1885

Dear Mary

I send you a little pillow which I began long ago for you. It seems to me almost as much Stephen's present as mine, for I was working on it all that time I was at Malcolm's Mother's before he was born and it is associated with those first happy days when I was down stairs again after it was all safely over, scarlet fever and all, and we had him safe with us. Then I laid it by, finding I could not possibly finish it before

you went abroad and took it up in the last days at Naushon when I was looking forward so much to seeing you both that it seemed as if I could hardly wait. I don't think I have a thing so associated with him as this is so, though it is not very much in itself, I know you will like to have it.

Lovingly,  
Sarah.

Milton  
Jan. 26, (1886)

(To Annie Anthony)

Gatty slipped on the ice on Sunday (there was a thin crust of snow making very treacherous walking) fell down and cut his tongue in some way, probably with his teeth, but almost through. It was quite far up on his tongue and a most unpleasant looking gash but is healing nicely and he has got on capitally with it, like a dear little sensible fellow.

Harry felt very badly and said "Gatty I love you hundreds and hundreds and thousands and I am *sorry* you did get that hurt. If *I* did cut myself like that I think I should cry and cry, all the days and the nights." Whereupon I heard Gerrit say "Hally you make a mistake thinking it does hurt me evelly *single minute* of the time. A great deal of the time it doesn't hurt and only sometimes it does! "

I hear them now laughing and racing and playing away at "lassooing wild horses! " in the Playroom — as happy as the day is long.

I am going to see Edith and then down to Susie's so good-bye my dear.

Aff'ly  
S. J. F.

Milton  
March 30th. 1886

(Birth of Ellen Forbes written by M. L. J.)

My dear Emma

I thought this morning when I left New York at 9 A.M. I should write you this evening of my safe arrival, but I did not think I should have such good news to tell you! For only a few minutes after I got to the Cottage, Malcolm came into the parlor and told us that Sarah had a little daughter. She was only sick about two hours and a half and had what Dr. Stedman called a comfortable time.

The boys were delighted with a little sister, but Margaret was so pleased and so happy over it that it was quite touching. I held the dear little creature in my arms a short time after she was dressed. Mrs. Mansfield said she thought she weighed about 7 pounds. Mrs. Turlin, the nurse Sarah engaged, came just after it was all over. Sarah had not expected to be confined for a fortnight.

I found Minnie out here when I got here and I suppose we shall both go home tomorrow, even if we come and go quite often.

I am tired with my long days journey so I will say good night, knowing you will be pleased to read the good news in my letter.

Always your loving  
Mary L. Jones.

Milton

May 30, 1886.

Dear Annie

The baby's two month birthday and at last she has a name. We named her on the 27th. — Harry's birthday and Alice's wedding day — and her name is Ellen Forbes. I hope you will like it.

Harry told the baby her name and that was the first of a series of pleasures and celebrations. He had a very happy day indeed.

Good night dear

aff'ly

S. J. F.

*Puritan*

Newport Harbor.

August 15th. 1887.

Dear Emma

I have just sailed in my first race in the *Puritan* and had the satisfaction of seeing a good one and seeing her do much better than the *Mayflower* and come in, we think, about 8 or 9 minutes behind the *Volunteer*. The boat certainly is very fast but I suppose we must wish the *Volunteer* to beat us or she will not keep the America's Cup from the *Thistle*. We are very much smaller and when she gives us the allowance for her quarter size it will make her much nearer us.

Malcolm has hardly seen the pretty little nautical cushion you sent him. The boys are delighted with it and wanted



me to put it on the library sofa where it now is, but it must come later to the *Puritan*.

Susy and Clifford Watson and Cameron and Edward Forbes were the only guests on this race. Tomorrow Susy and I are going to see the last race from the *Shearwater* (Malcolm's Father's new steam yacht, with which he is very much pleased) and he takes us home to the children at night. Susy Watson and two of her children are staying at Naushon and I don't like to leave our little family long. It has been a busy time for a few weeks but I hope some leisurely days will come soon.

Always lovingly  
your sister  
Sarah J. Forbes.

Start of the cruise to Fayal in the yacht *Fredonia*.

Milton  
May 23, '89

(From Malcolm Forbes.)

My dear Emma,

Yrs. of 19th. rec'd and I am very much obliged for your kind wishes.

Sarah has had her coat off and sleeves rolled up now for several days and it seems needless to say that in consequence the *Fredonia* is entirely ready and if the winds favor we shall start tomorrow at 10 o'cl.

The training ship *St. Mary's* started on Wed. from Newport so it will be interesting to see which arrives first.

11 o'cl. is striking so good night and good bye.

Yours sincerely

J. Malcolm Forbes.

A fragment that Amelia H. Jones had started to write about this cruise.

“Amelia, her 7th. child was then less than a year old but she did all in her power to promote the happiness and comfort of her husband and Margaret and of all who went on the journey.

It was rather singular that among the 12 persons who went,—husbands without their wives, and wives leaving husbands behind,—in all the families represented, nothing happened in the few months to cause regret.

It may interest some of those who read this to know who went on this yacht voyage. They were: J. Malcolm Forbes and his daughter Margaret, Ellen Russell, Hester Cunningham, Mrs. Henry B. Stone and her daughter Alice, Mrs. Edward M. Cary, Amelia H. Jones, Edward Cunningham, Frank Stone, and Alice and Charles W. Dabney.”

A. H. J. returned by steamer from England, arriving Aug. 19, 1889.

Milton

June 16, 1889

My dear Emma

Your birthday! and such a lovely summer day. I had hoped to finish today something which I am making for you but it must wait a little longer. I always feel disgusted when, as I have done lately, I let the minor affairs of life usurp more than their proper place. Of course the Baby

was *not* a minor affair and it was that chiefly which has occupied mind and body of late. A change of wet nurses was necessary. The milk was not agreeing with her and after a good deal of exertion I have found such a nice woman, and an excellent nurse she proves for the baby. So little Amelia is growing and thriving with her but I have only felt settled and at rest for a few days and ready to take breath. It is *very* difficult to find such a person. To give you a little idea of it, — one of the days I spent in searching for her I went in town at half past eight, determined not to come out again unsuccessfully. I *did* succeed, but I did not come out of town until the eight oclock train at night and that was only a sample of many lesser days of the same thing.

Luckily I have good people to leave the boys with at home, or I *could* not be gone so long. But they seize upon me when I *am* at home and claim a great deal of time and attention and dear little Ellen too is a very eager little claimant for love and tending.

Harry has been writing you a letter — and Gerrit too was writing away tonight. I must look his up tomorrow and get him to mail it. They *wished* they had something for your birthday, “Aunt Emma always sends us something and she *always* knows what we like” they say. I hope that a cablegram left Fayal for us last Friday and on the 21st. it will be cabled to us from Lisbon. In another two weeks we ought to get letters.

Edith Forbes wants to send you Edward Emerson’s book about her Father and I gave it to Mary to send to you. On Friday Ralph Forbes graduates from College. Tho’ he is already in the Law School he is to share in a spread at the

Gymnasium and I am going over. One of Edith Perkins' daughters — Plummy — is going with me and as it is her first Class-day I think she will enjoy it very much and I shall enjoy seeing her pleasure, besides being glad to see Ralph and his friends. He is improving every year and is such a responsible, nice young man. I think Class-day will be rather a hard day for Edith, this year, and I want to help as much as I can.

We are all much interested in Mary Russell's engagement to Copley Amory and everyone speaks in high terms of him and the more we know him the better we like him. I think her family feel very happy about it. He is 23 and she 19, but they will surely wait a year and perhaps longer.

Edith made a little party to Naushon to see the broom. I wish I could have sent you some of its full glory, for it was a gorgeous show of color, just like long sprays of laburnum, covering acres of ground there.

Our Naushon house is getting on well, but the time is just coming when I shall be needed to go down often and see to the carpeting and getting the furniture in place. When Margaret comes with her Kodak I shall try to get some views of it to send to you. But most of all — more than pictures of the house — I hope soon to send you a good picture of Ellen and of the baby.

Goodnight, dear Emma, with best love from

your sister

Sarah.

You and Malcolm are so nearly the same age, he only a few months older, but I suppose our boys would think he was *years* older than you — they seem to go by size, greatly.



Milton

June 16, 1889

(Dictated by H. S. F.)

Dear Aunt Emma

I went to church today with Gatty and Mama but I could not understand much of what the minister said — only what he read in the bible. There were flowers there, daisies and vines and other flowers and a great bunch of broom. I think it must be broom from Naushon that Aunt Edith brought. Aunt Edith went to Naushon yesterday.

Mama let me use some of Marcala's (Margaret's) paper for this letter, and I chose the one that I thought you would like best, not the one that Marcala likes best. I wish we could write to Marcala too, but we cannot. She will not stay long enough, but I am glad that is the reason for not writing.

I can't write letters very well telling people what to say, and I can hardly write at all well, writing it myself. But I think it would be better if I *could* write myself and I think you would like it better.

Mama says it is your birthday and I am glad it is your birthday. I hope today is just as pleasant at Litchfield for your birthday as it is here.

Good bye dear Aunt Emma, I send you my love on your birthday.

from

Harry.

Waiting for arrival of Malcolm Forbes and party from Fayal in yacht *Fredonia*.

Naushon, Woods Holl P. O.  
July 17, 1889.

Dear Emma

Here we are at Naushon, settled (except for one room) but I hope the painters will get through by Friday, and have sent for the paperers and mean to rush it through and have all in order by Saturday night. I think I can do it.

Thank you for your answer to Gerrit's little letter. I have seen him poring over it by himself for he does not read very readily. I did not see it or know he had it till today when he was telling me some of the things you said.

Gerrit would like me to tell you that his Grandmother Forbes has offered a \$5.00 prize to the one who first tells her of the *Fredonia*. I don't think we need any prizes or extra inducements, here.

July 19

Tomorrow is really the 20th! and after that we can really begin to look for them.

Harry was pleased to get your letter and especially interested at hearing of the friendly crow and cat.

We are all well and the last room will be all in order tomorrow night. I have been arranging books in the shelves this evening.

July 22

I am sending Minnie's nice letter, just received. I am so glad that she went to Madeira.

Very, very calm. Light north wind yesterday and no sign of the *Fredonia*.

July 23

Your two letters came today as well as the lovely pin-cushion. I shall be *very* choice of it, and shall see that no pins are left in long enough to rust.

Cousin Bessie Stone, Carrie and Harry are here with us, waiting for the *Fredonia* but all our winds continue very light and baffling and no sign of her appears.

Good night, dear Emma,  
Affectionately  
S. J. F.

Naushon, Woods Holl P.O.  
July 29, 1889.

My dear Emma

I want to tell you how happy the arrival of the *Fredonia* was. All were so well and so delighted to get home. Margaret has shot up and also grown thin — that is from the voyage I suppose — and she feels so perfectly well that she will soon fatten on shore. She was overjoyed to get back.

Both she and Malcolm like the changes in the house much better than they expected and everything looks pleasant to them and to us. Oh it is so much to have them again. It was just at dusk that they were spied as far as we could see along the Island coast. The wind was very light and the steam yacht *Shearwater* towed them in.

It was late when they dropped anchor near our wharf but we lighted up the house with candles and the wharf with Chinese lanterns and all looked very gay and bright.

Cousin Bessie Stone could give Lily and Frank the latest news of their families and Lily was so happy at finding her

little Harry here. They all went off early next morning by the *Shearwater* leaving our household happy together.

Margaret is so happy with Ellen and the baby who already knows her and of course the boys are rejoiced to have her.

They have seen and enjoyed much and have much to tell us of it all. The Madeira visit was the most interesting — Fayal the most enjoyable with Dabneys and all, and Bermuda they thought a lovely spot and were held there a 3d. day by a storm — so their actual passages were not so slow.

Good night dear Emma, I hope you are feeling better.

Lovingly  
Sarah.

*Fredonia*  
Sept. 26, 1889.  
Boston Harbor.

Dear Emma

We are just coming in after our successful race with the Boston Pilot Boat *Hesper* which we have beaten by more than half an hour.

I am delighted for the *Fredonia* to have done so well. The reverse side always is that the other has to be beaten and that is *not* pleasant to think of, especially when they were so *very* confident as in this case. It seems as if their disappointment must be correspondingly great and I am all the more sorry for them, if they have taken half the interest we have, and care, as we do, for the boat.

The race and doing what I could about it, and Malcolm's disabled knee (also nursing that) has kept me too busy to do much else, so I have not written you. Tomorrow we go back to Mary's to see Will Swift about the knee (which



has luckily come through all this much less hurt than I should have thought). Then we go home to the dear children whom we have left for so long. We hear that all are well there.

Aff'ly  
S. J. F.

Sarah and Malcolm Forbes' youngest child, a son, was born on May 12, 1890, but did not live.

Princeton (Mass.)  
Sept. 9, 1890

(Whooping cough)

My dear Mrs. Turlin,

Your picture stands in my bedroom in a little frame which Miss Naudain brought me from Venice — the one with you, where Ellen looks so sweet and loving and Amelia so lively. We miss you very much and how I wish you could get to be a perfect *giant* and in a few years come back always to stay!

All runs on very well here. The coughing still keeps on enough at night (and they throw up then so much with it) that though it is only from 3 to 7 times for each, it makes too much for Mrs. Jones (our nurse) to go to bed at all. Dear little Ellen picked up in looks and appetite directly on coming here except that her eyes were very swollen and bloodshot from the hard spasms, but that has gone now. Harry says, "You needn't mind our coughing Mama! *We* don't mind it — hardly at all now! It doesn't hurt as it used to and we can get our breath nearly twice as quickly!"

Dear children, they *are* good — and so sweet to each other. Margaret has been patient but a good deal like a large lump of lead, poor child, for she always acts as dumpy as she

feels. However, she will overcome that, I hope, with more age and experience of how it is one's duty to put the best foot to the fore in life, for the sake of those one loves better than oneself. It will come to her in time — it must — but Ellen and Harry seem to have it more easily and naturally. I don't know why it is but it makes them very easy to do for.

Mrs. Anderson just has Amelia night and day. Amelia has cut two double teeth in the midst of all. Gerrit and Harry are very happy here and Harry, I think, begins to look so well that he may be better after this than he was before, indeed I cannot help hoping it may prove so for Ellen too. Amelia's cough has been pretty light, she had some sick days when her teeth were coming but she is a sturdy little thing.

Our plan now is to leave here on Friday for Naushon. The boys eyes sparkled when I read of the bows and arrows, and Harry whispered to me, "You know *Enna* (Ellen) is going to have some too, but don't tell her — it's a secret — not even Gatty knows I think!" and then they said they were nearly *sure* if the Indians made them they should like them better than any they had had — and they *hoped* they would be very sharp at the end. They thought it was "awfully kind of Mis' Turlin to think about it and see about it so soon" and they were nearly *sure* they should like them *'specially*.

The boys send their love and if Ellen were not tucked away into her bed, she would send hers also for she often talks about you. Her little heart is a very loving one.

Very truly yours

Sarah J. Forbes.

Naushon

Oct. 9, 1890.

Dear Sarah

Your Father and Mother have just walked down and spent an hour, going home by the star-light.

It makes one shudder to see the mark on your Father's head and to realize how nearly his accident might have been a very serious one. Well — it was one of his escapes and I hope will suffice for his "October experience"!

We have decided to wait a little longer for Margaret to take up school as a little cough still clings about her, just enough to make people feel uneasy about her I fear. I am glad none of them had severe cases for it was bad enough — especially for dear old Harry. He is gay and happy again and looks perfectly well. Amelia sings and smiles and begins to recover her rosy cheeks. Ellen looks as well as ever except that she has not quite recovered her little fat calves.

Gerrit and Harry are deep in the mysteries of crossbows, arrows, slings and weapons of all kinds — *very* busy all day long hacking and planning and working away, as well as sailing a small fleet of boats. Ellen is enchanted with Cousin Roxie's music and hangs about her open eyed.

I hope Walter is going to make a good start for the winter. I wonder what you will do about Mrs. Ross? She is so interested and good if she could only show her love for him more judiciously. I feel that Hastings' influence will all be of immense weight to help you on the other side of the balance, dear, and I hope this is going to be a good winter for you all in the new house.

I *wish* you had seen the Silver Wedding play. Alexander

as Little Will Scarlet mincing out from under the beechen boughs, airily, and gracefully smelling at his flower was such a pretty sight! and Robin Hood in Waldo's hands did not lack earnestness and reality, while Gerrit as Little John wore *his own smile* and voice at the most suitable times, in a way to gain hearty applause for his most skillful impersonation of the character!!

The platform in front of the Bay Parlor in the Stone House made a capital stage and Edie had arranged it all most tastefully. Her Father and Mother were equally surprised and pleased by the little scene from Robin Hood.

With love to you and Hastings  
Affectionately  
S. J. F.

Naushon  
Oct. 25, 1890.

Dear Emma

I am glad to see by your letter that there was a little easing of your wearing cough. The dampness I find, brings back the children's coughing in spite of our watchfulness, and the care has to be pretty incessant. That and trying to pick up some of the threads of life and duties which got so tangled in my illness — has I suppose, used up time and strength so that I have done little else. If you do not hear from me often it is not because I do not often think of you,



but I do not write much except the necessary writing of orders and for clothing and all those matters, which has to be pretty constant as the children grow older — and there are minds as well as bodies to look out for.

I know that Mary and Minnie are more than usually busy too — and do not hear or see them often. I know they want to be as much at home as they can before beginning their winter in Boston.

Mary was very generous last year and gave so much pleasure to others in the house — in music and theatre and all — that it was lovely to see, though I think all she did was rather hard on her and on Minnie. They paid the penalty of their kindness to others in getting rather tired oftentimes. Still it was making the most of their opportunity of giving out.

Cousin Roxie is staying at the Mansion House. She is very well and gay — almost. Harry said of her “I used to think Cousin Roxie was awfully old, 200 nearly, perhaps, but now that I know her better she seems awfully young — hardly old at all, and awfully strong too and good about jumping. She can jump awfully far!”

The boys are now very deeply interested in Indians and bows and arrows and cross-bows. A mixture of Robin Hood and Leather-stocking adventures are seething in their little brains.

Gerrit studies with Waldo and Alexander, but Harry has not taken it up yet, as we want him to lead a very out-of-door life still, and gain as much as he can this autumn. We shall probably go up to Milton by the 10th. of November.

Tonight there is a dance of the servants and farm people

going on in our barn. A very gay sight with all the Chinese lanterns lighted and bayberry bush decorations.

It grows late and I must say good night.

Always your loving sister

Sarah.

January 11, 1891

Milton Hill.

My dear Mrs. Turlin,

Thank you for the *row* of pretty slippers which we now have to remind us of you. I liked the pink and grey ones so much that I kept them, the red matching Margaret's wrapper so well, and I thought, too, that the delicate ones would last better for my wearing.

I understand your feeling restless and impatient of idleness but I also *know* that you ought not to work just yet — and if you don't feel the full good of the rest now, I believe that you will later, for that is what you surely need.

Now I will tell you about the children. They are getting on *very* well. The first cold weather increased their coughing very much, but they seem to be gradually acclimated now. Ellen, particularly, looks rosy and well. Amelia *is* well, though she does not look always very well, being much paler than she used to be. Miss Hoag has come back for a year and I know it is better for Ellen to have some one who takes an interest in her as well as Amelia and will keep them together. They are so sweet and happy together, those two. Ellen is a very good little sister to Amelia. I know you would be pleased to see how sweet and unselfish she is, tho' she is so eager. I really think she has a very loving

little heart and that makes things easy, and as yet there has been no quarreling. Amelia is very good natured and sunny and jolly and so *she* gives up very well too. Sometimes it is one and sometimes the other who gives up, but not *one* ruling all the time.

Mrs. Forbes has felt Aunt Mary Watson's death very keenly, and though she always says she rejoices for her to have gone so quietly and with no sadness of parting or illness, she misses her twin sister very, *very* much and feels as if a part of herself had gone.

Aunt Mary had a most active happy day driving to Brookline and then to Boston — seeing most of the family and then taking tea at Mr. Clifford Watson's, seeing the children there and going to bed perfectly well. She passed away in the night without a sign of pain. When Mrs. Ladd and Mrs. Watson got in through the window in the morning (the servants being alarmed at finding she did not come and her door still fastened and no answer to their knocks) they found her lying as in a peaceful sleep, her hands slightly folded, but quite dead. It was a great shock to them and a great loss it is, but all feel how lovely for her — just a peaceful end of living.

(from S. J. F.)

Ponce de Leon Hotel  
St. Augustine, Florida  
March 1, 1891

Dear Emma

Thank you for your letters, both those forwarded and those written after you knew of our coming. The books came safely and Malcolm has taken Stockton's to read on

his way to the north. He had to be in New York early this week. He will then go to Milton and be satisfied that all is right, before returning here to us.

The magazines came and, seeing the St. Nicholas, we opened it and Margaret is very glad of it this rainy Sunday.

It was extremely hot on our first arrival but the air is cooler and more enlivening now and Margaret begins to look and feel better.

Dr. Robie and Ellen and Amy are with us until Tuesday. Ellen has told me a great deal about her life in Florida and I should think she would be just the one to help in a young community.

I have other letters to write and must not keep writing too long, so good bye dear Emma,

Your loving sister  
Sarah.

S. J. F. began to feel ill during the first week of March at St. Augustine. She had become infected with typhoid, probably on her journey south. The onset was gradual but it soon became clear that she was seriously ill and doctors and nurses were rushed from the north. For the next three weeks bulletins came to Milton giving brief accounts of her condition and I remember a feeling of deep anxiety in the family, even though we children were chiefly occupied with our own play, school and everyday affairs.

My Mother died at St. Augustine on March 31, 1891, and the funeral service was held in our library at the Cottage on Milton Hill. The sense of loss and deep grief is still vivid to me.

H. S. F.



From "J. M. F., Reminiscences."

Pullman Car, near  
Wilmington, N. C.  
2nd April, 1891.

My dear - - -,

As the never failing telegraph or press will have told you, the bolt has fallen on our heads . . . For nearly a month this had been impending, while on the other hand some of us have been wandering through the most wonderful fairy lands and sea scenes which the mind of man, or even the brighter mind of woman, can conceive of: but first read Mrs. Browning's "My Kate," and you will get a faint sketch of the angel we have, for the time at least, lost sight of. I saw her (for the first time since her illness was known to be dangerous) eighteen hours before her death, as she lay panting for breath but forgetting self and only thinking of the friends and children she was leaving behind. Emotional talk was of course prohibited, and I am not quite sure whether she felt it to be a welcome back from Jamaica, or a last farewell visit.

Partly owing to peculiarities of our personal relations, but chiefly to her wonderful power of sympathy with all around her, she was the one with whom there was never the slightest ripple or danger of jarring. "To see her was to love her" and to feel that she was a born peacemaker, a healer of dissensions and discord, a living harmony acting upon all who came near her — and by no means of the milk and water sweetness which cloy, for she had the keenest insight and quickness of perception; but it was always directed, if it came out at all, to her own shortcomings which

nobody else ever saw. In others she must have seen all these moths, but never a word passed her lips nor a look that could have hurt the most sensitive. Everyone recognized the insight she had into the humorous side of life, and that she read you through and through, but no human being can recall a hard word, far less a hard act. Her active benevolence was of the sort which never said, please *go* and do so and so; it was always sure to be, come and see what *we* can do.

We met my son, Col. W. H. F. at Jacksonville and hope to get home Friday night, and perhaps may have funeral services Saturday — all of which counts with me for very little. Her life and her portrait are framed in colors as indelible as the sun and stars upon my mind and heart or, I should say, upon all our hearts.

Yours affectionately

J. M. Forbes











— □ *See Chart II*

— [ Hester Forbes, born and died 1896

— [ Alice Hathaway Forbes, 1897- M-1922

Weston Howland, 1895-

— [ John Malcolm Forbes, Jr., 1901-1941, M-1927

Ethel Cummings, 1903-

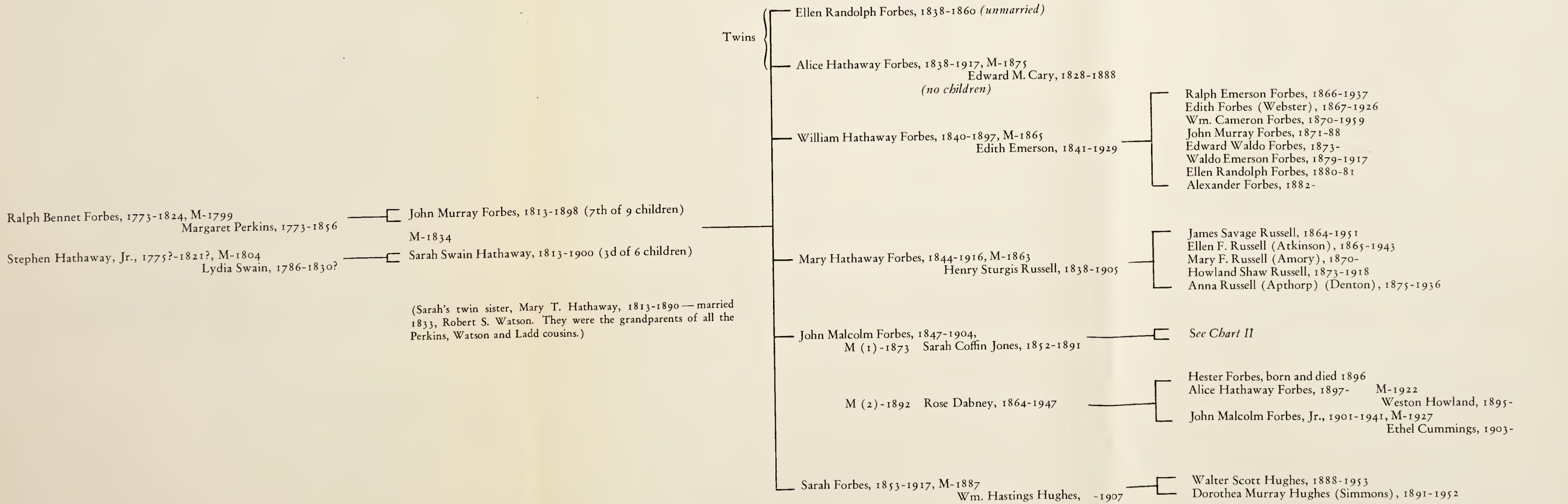
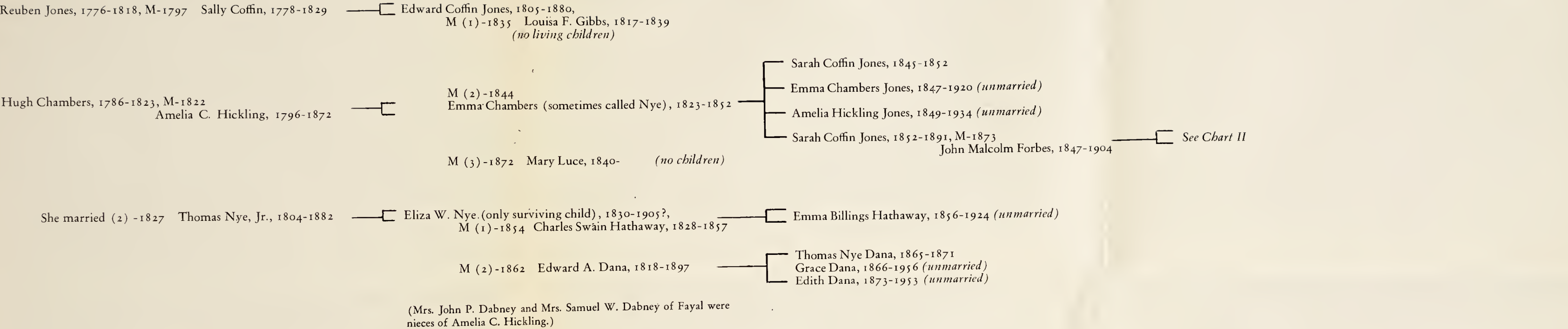
— [ Walter Scott Hughes, 1888-1953

— [ Dorothea Murray Hughes (Simmons), 1891-1952





CHART I





Twins

8-

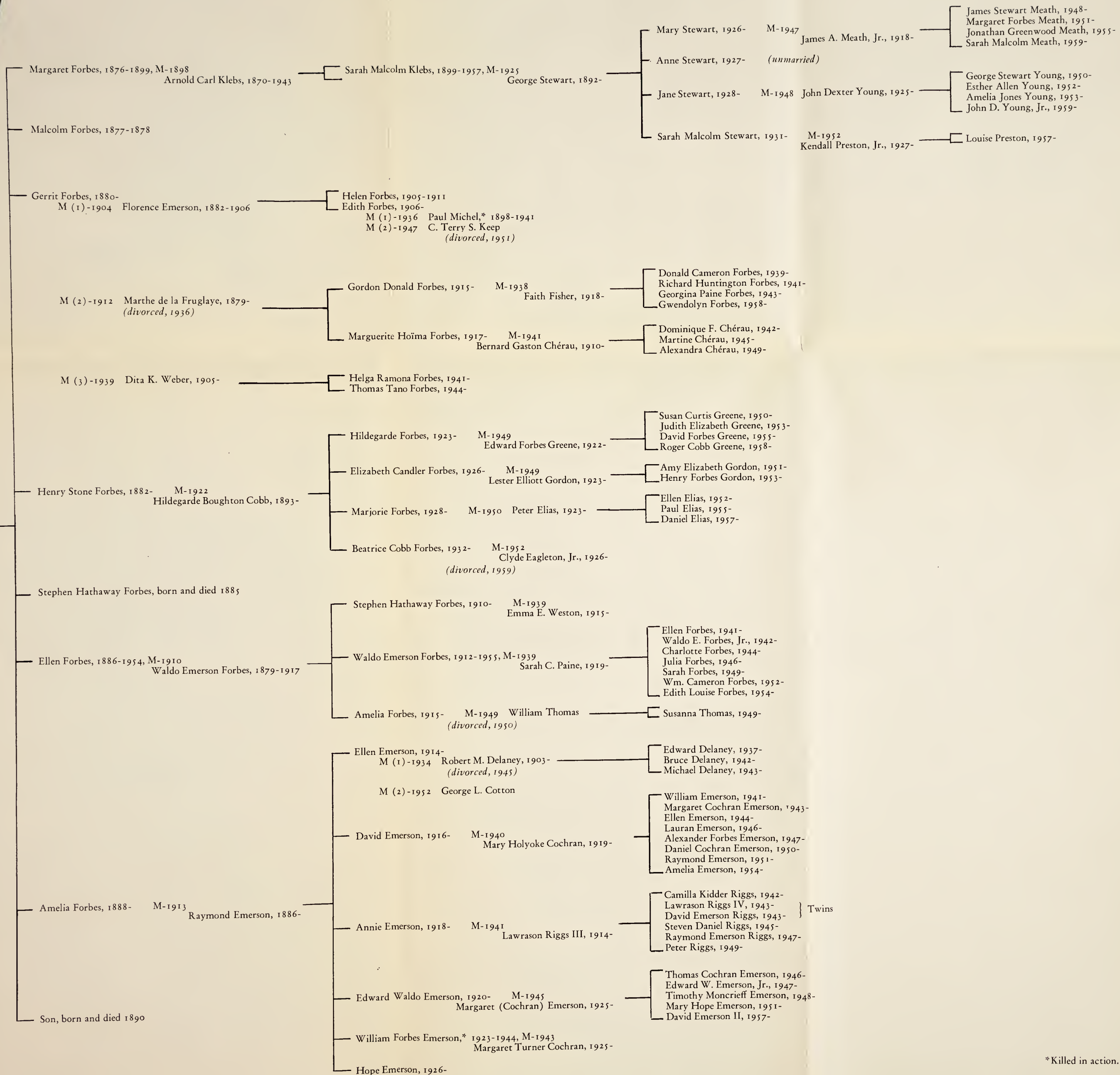
\* Killed in action.





# CHART II

Descendants of John Malcolm Forbes and Sarah Coffin Jones Forbes



\* Killed in action.





